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A  
DUAL  
ROLE

A  
Romance of the  
Civil War.

BY

WILLIAM ISAAC YOPP  
Illustrated.

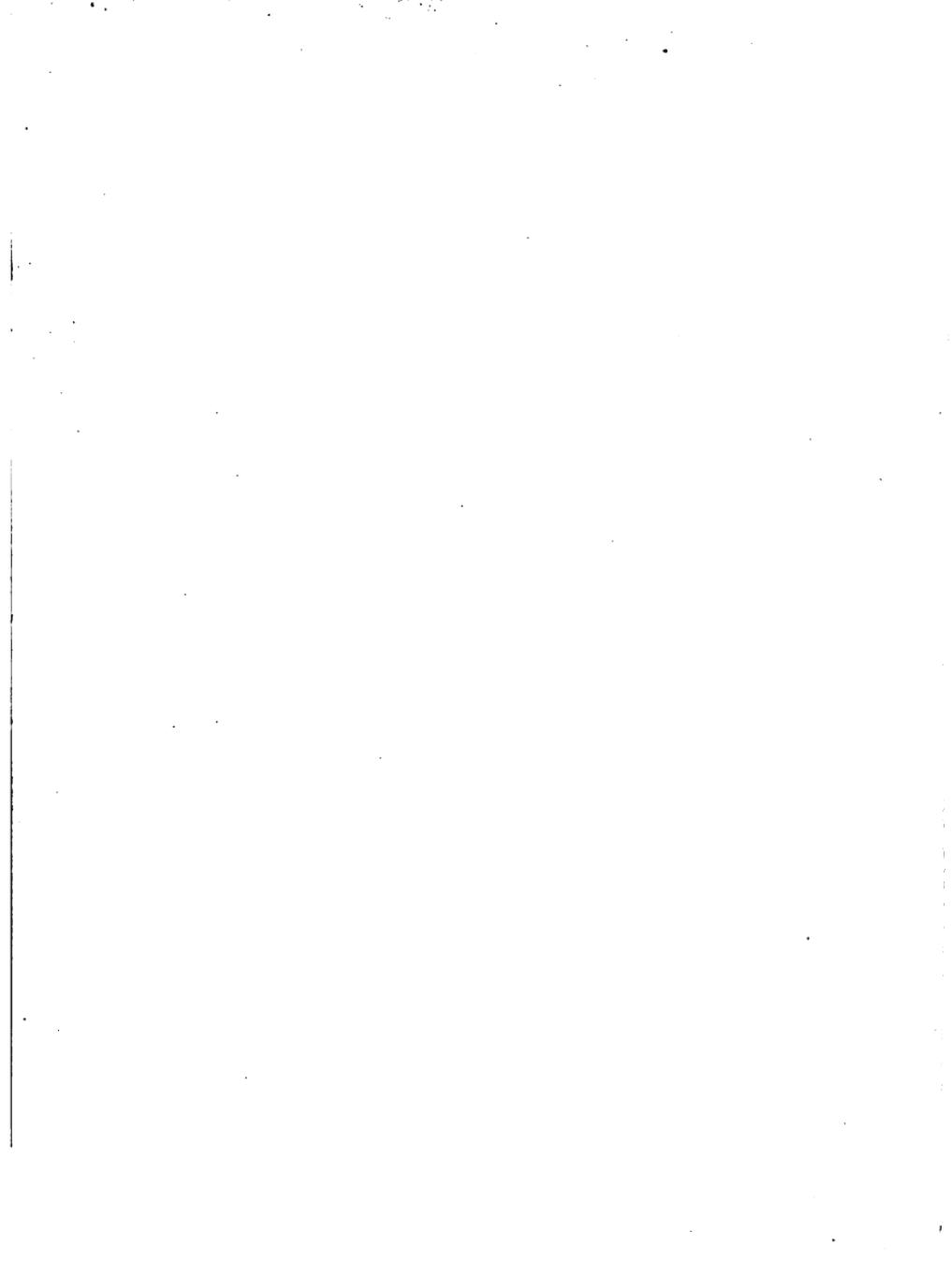
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Sincerely yours,

W. G. Hoff

# A DUAL ROLE



A ROMANCE OF THE CIVIL WAR



—BY—

WILLIAM ISAAC YOPP.  
=

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*Fine money*

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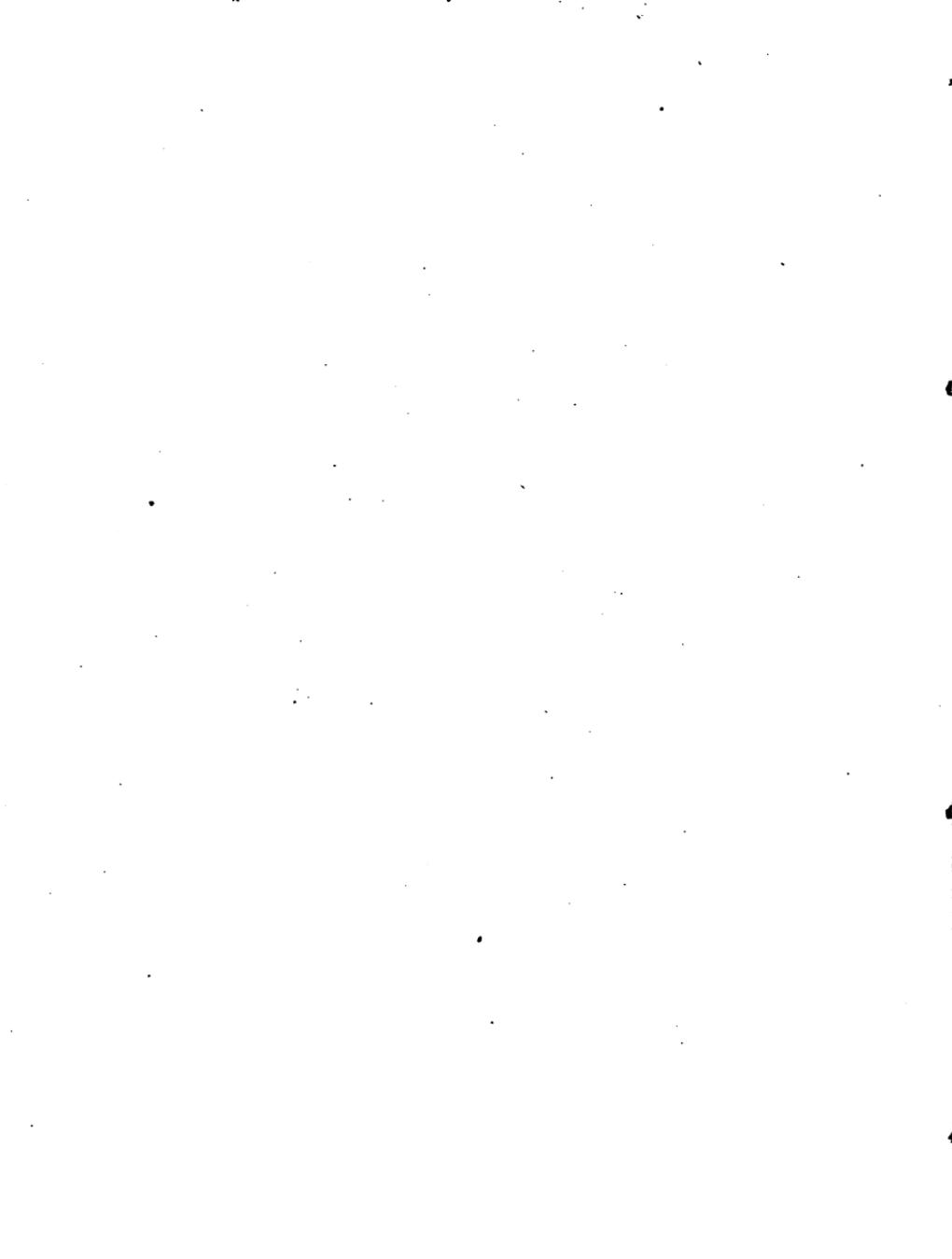
## **PREFACE.**

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The hero of this book and other leading characters are fictitious, though many of the incidents are based upon facts. This is especially true of the trying ordeals mentioned in the first chapters. The Union City Ruse, the Collierville Skirmish, The Battle of Brice's Cross Roads and Forrest's Memphis Raid are in the main, matters of history.

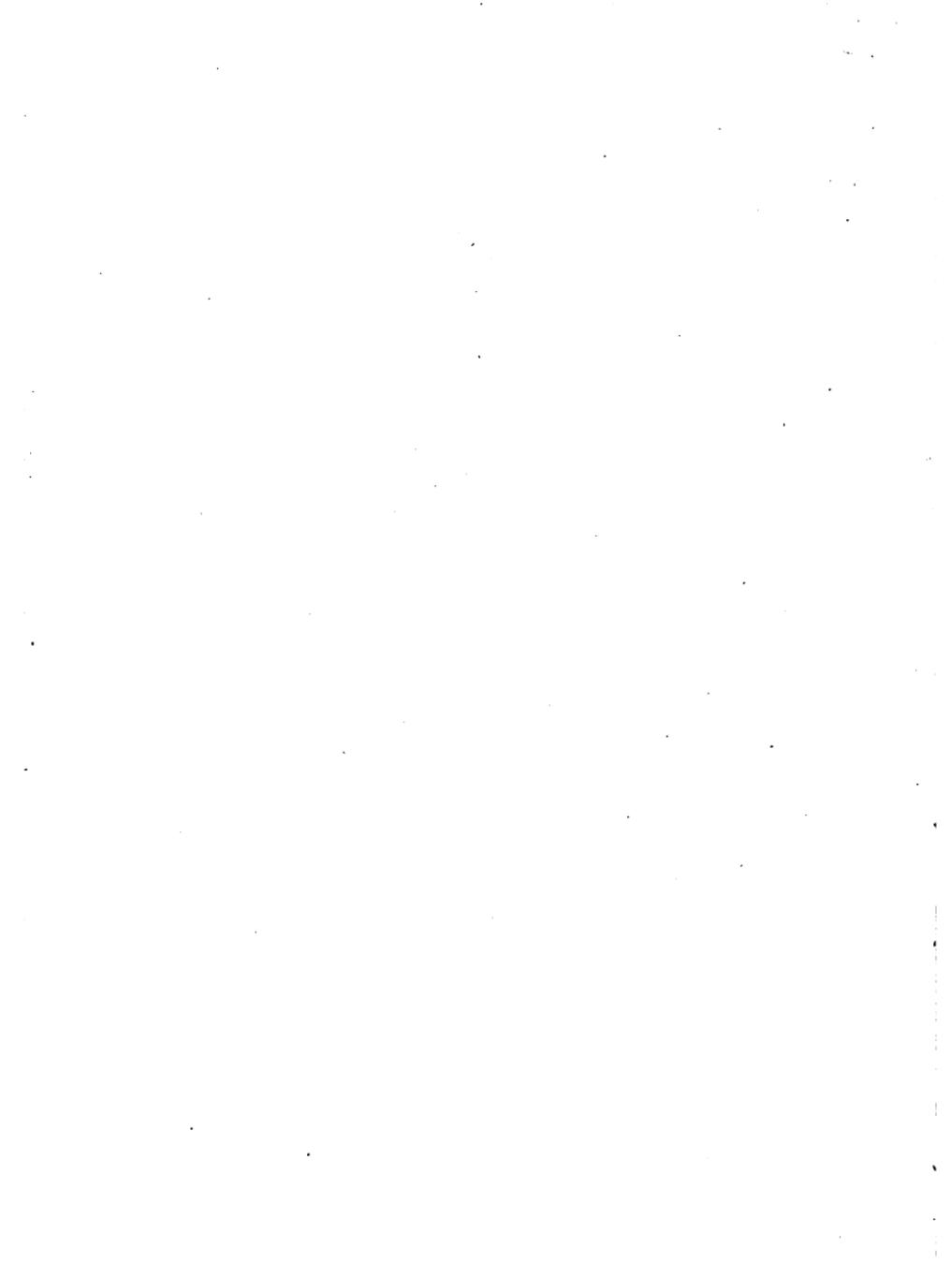
To "The History of the 7th Tennessee (Confederate) Regiment," by my friend, J. P. Young, I am indebted for much of the matter in this story, though I have used it simply to carry the thread of the romance and not for historic purposes.

**THE AUTHOR.**



*Deer Run.*





## A DUAL ROLE.

---

### *CHAPTER I.*

On the banks of the Hatchie River, near the County town of Halletsville, in the "Western District" of old Tennessee, is an extensive forest of sturdy oaks—where for many a season come and gone great herds of deer have slaked their thirst and found friendly shelter beneath the leafy boughs.

Unaccustomed to the sound of aught save the sighing trees and soft gurgling of the water, as it poured from a mammoth spring under the brow of the hill, no wonder it is that they raised their graceful heads in astonishment and scampered away at the first tread of the frontiersman when he encroached upon their forest home. It was here that a young and enterprising Virginian, George Claybrooke by name, tempted by the virgin

soil and plentiful pure water, came with his young bride in the Spring of 184— and determined to make for himself a home in the new country after the manner of the paternal roof that had sheltered him so long and so bounteously in the grand old commonwealth of Virginia.

Naturally enough the newcomer named the place “Deer Run” in honor of its primitive inhabitants, which were doomed to be supplanted by the kinky headed negro and his inseparable companion, the stubborn, but indispensable mule.

In the Southland the oak is king of the wood, and in Deer Run there were many kings, each vieing with the other for the nearest approach to the blue skies above. When this story began, Deer Run presented a picturesque, grand and gorgeous view; for it was on a cold December night, when everything from humble cabins of the slaves to the mansion of the aristocratic owner, was clad in an icy coat of sleet and snow, giving to the mighty kings of the forest snowy crests that glittered in the light of a full moon, like royal crowns studded with rarest jewels. The icicles

cleaving to the pendant twigs, presented a dazzling sheen like so many threads of burnished silver, suspended in the resplendent rays of a noonday sun. Among the towering oaks a grand old sylvan mansion lifted its lonely dome high into the chilly air, as if trying to outdo the stately oaks in their bold reach heavenward.

The night was cold and serene, with never an unfriendly breeze to disturb the icicles tenaciously clinging to the outstretched arms of the majestic oaks. The hundred or more negroes, young and old, after a holiday of fun and frolic, in chasing cotton-tail rabbits in the snow, and a sumptuous repast upon their game, had turned in for the night. True to their nature, they slumbered; relying entirely upon their master for their next day's rations.

The proud owner of this magnificent estate was peacefully reposing in a quiet chamber of that beautiful home, never dreaming of impending danger, although the late Civil War was already then at white heat. "Judge Claybrooke," as he was called, from having been chairman of his

County Court, almost since the day he purchased his headright in the wild forest of the "Western District" of Tennessee, was a Whig in Politics and therefore opposed Secession.

The Judge was tall, broad shouldered, with prominent forehead and symmetrical head, deep blue eyes, a shapely nose and thin lips, indicating a kind, but determined nature. This "worthy son of a worthy sire" (who bravely fought for American Independence along with the patriotic Putnam) instinctively detested any and everything that savored of the term "Tory." As might have been expected of one of his lineage, this honorable citizen fell in line with the "Rebels," so-called, when his State seceded. Though past the age of actual service, he boldly and voluntarily tendered to the Confederate Cause all the assistance that wealth and influence could give.

The popularity of this southern sympathizer soon aroused the ire and provoked the intense hatred of one Jerusalem Fielding, a notorious cur and leader of a Tory band from the hills. This band of cowardly and miserable men belonged to

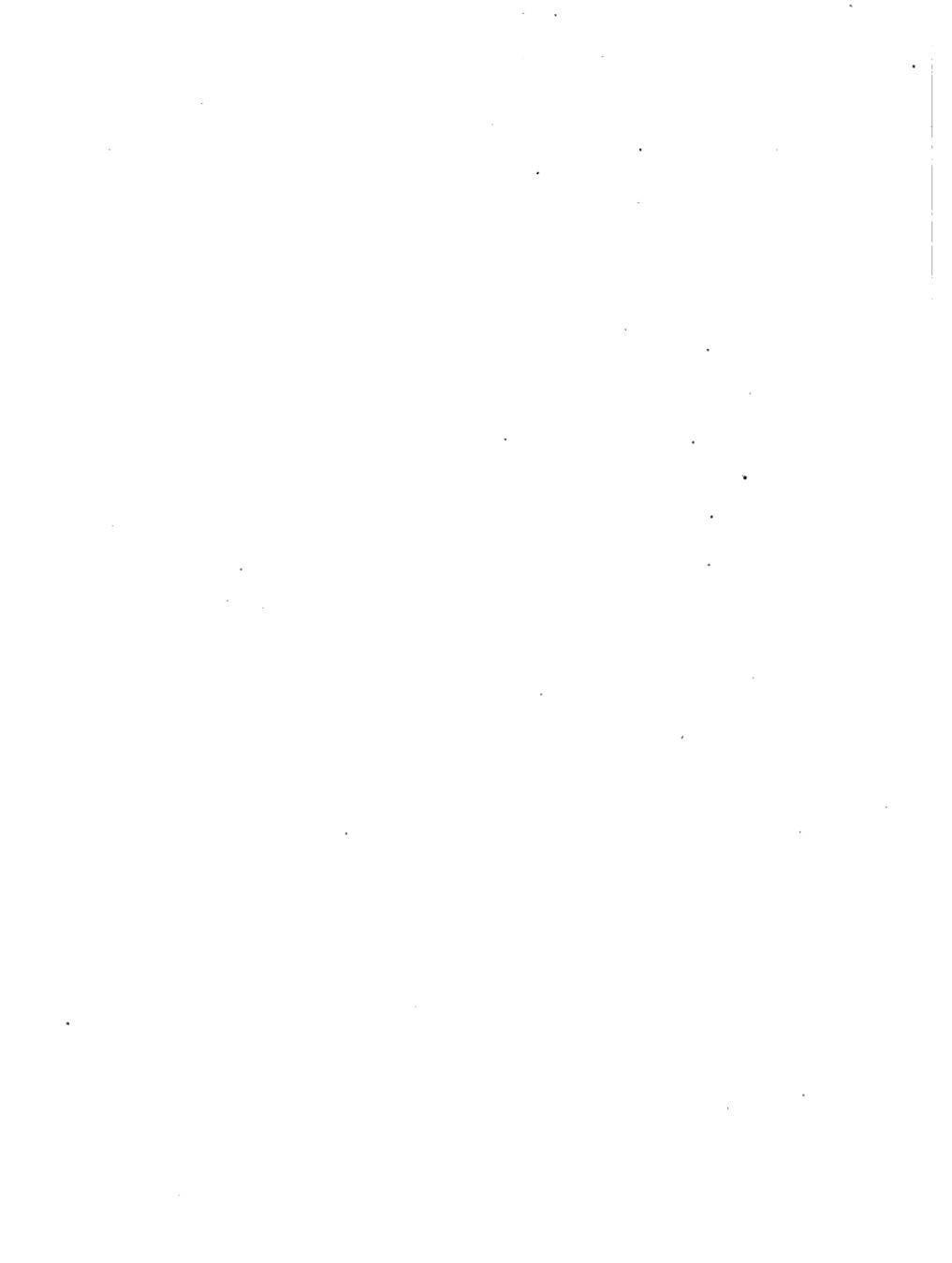
a class known, before the war, as "poor white trash." They were lazy, indigent and void of laudable ambition, often not even providing the bare necessities of life for their families. This class of people could be found herded together in the mountains or hilly sections throughout the slave States. These ignorant, misguided mountaineers were not only notoriously thriftless and idle, but were envious and jealous of their more prosperous neighbors to an unlimited degree, especially so of the wealthy slaveholders of that day. When the war began, many of these men sneaked into the Western District, and a number of them were formed into a company under the leadership of the aforesaid Jerusalem Fielding, this being perhaps the first Tory company to get recognition from the U. S. Army. Before receiving a Commission from Washington, Fielding seized the opportunity to wreak vengeance upon his neighbors, who had been, for years, achieving success which, he thought, should have been his; for as a matter of fact he was a man of some learning, though without principle. He took command of

his ignorant squad of men only for the purpose of using them to accomplish his own fiendish designs. His chief delight, from the first, seemed to be the complete destruction of just such sources of Confederate succor as that offered by the patriotic planter of Deer Run.



*"Then die, damn you."*





*CHAPTER II.*

On one cold December night in the year of — “Fielding,” knowing that all brave and honest citizens of that section were either in the Southern Army fighting for their rights, or at home protecting their dependents from the rigors of the zero weather, with a dozen or so of his house-burners quietly stole his way through Hatchie bottom, despite the snow-laden boughs of the dense forest. This fiend in human form, stealthily approached Deer Run in the quietude of the midnight hour, when the inhabitants of that honest home and the happy occupants of the “Quarters” were soundly sleeping.

The kind and generous planter hearing a gentle rapping upon the door quickly responded, expecting to find some half-frozen belated stranger, or neighbor, who had lost his bearings in the snow-covered highways seeking protection for the night; which the magnanimity of the true South-

ern gentleman prompted him gladly to extend. But alas! upon throwing the door open, he was greeted by a shotgun presented by a man of medium height and stout build, whose coarse features were closely muffled as if for protection against the extreme cold. The quick perception of the Judge, however, readily recognized the small cat-like eyes of the midnight visitor as those of a "Squire" of a mountain precinct, whom he had oft times liberally befriended when the squire was a member of the County Court over which the Judge had so long presided. "Jerusalem, have you lost your way or your senses? that you confront a friend in this way?" said the planter, looking his quandom friend full in the face. "Neither," replied the fellow. "You have been feeding these damned Rebels long enough and I have come to stop it, so you may tell your old rebel wife and your young devil of a boy Good-bye, and then say your prayers, for your time's come and there's no use foolin' about it, so git ready to go and that damned quick."

"I will die before I will go with you," said

the brave Southerner, reaching for his trusty rifle in the rack over the door. "Then die! Damn you," said Fielding, firing two loads of buckshot full into the breast of his former benefactor, who fell prone upon the ground, never to rise again. The report of the deadly shot, ringing out upon the still night air, brought the dead man's devoted wife to the scene, only to meet the death-like stare upon her husband's pale face. The horror-stricken woman scarcely realizing what had been done, quickly, tenderly bent over the prostrate form of her dearly beloved companion.

The heartless demons, indifferent to the grief of this frail creature, rudely thrust her aside in their mad rush to their victim's bed-chamber, hoping to find money and other valuables in his apparel. In the meantime the sixteen-year-old son came upon the scene. Seeing his beloved mother ruthlessly flung from the lifeless body of his honored father, the lad, enraged by the cruel murder of his worthy sire, quickly, bravely grasped his father's rifle and was levelling it upon the cowardly assassin, when that fiend felled the brave boy

to the ground with one cruel blow from his deadly gun.

The fond mother, already frantic with grief, upon seeing her darling boy stricken to the ground, fell fainting into the mighty heap of snow. The thieving ghouls, having thus disposed of the family, deliberately proceeded to ransack the house, securing such valuables as they could carry. Not satisfied with the foul deeds they had already committed, Fielding now turned to his night-hawks, saying, "Come boys! the damned old rebel is done for, now let's finish our work and git before them damned niggers awake." "All right, Colonel!" said Nic Whitehorn (Fielding's red-headed lieutenant), "here'e matches and some turpentine that I fetched kase yer know it's a damned cold night and we uns is like to want a blaze to warm our toes by!" "That's good, Nic! Now show us how to make a big fire when you hain't got nothing bigger'n a house for a back log," squeaked Tobe Treese, laughing lustily at his own joke. Without further ado, Whitehorn dashed the bottle containing the turpentine against the steps, while Field-

ing applied the torch to the magnificent structure which had withstood the storms of many winters.

Having accomplished their purpose they mounted their horses and scampered away before the light of the burning building could proclaim their midnight visit. The commodious old mansion was soon in a luminous blaze that could be seen from the county town several miles to the eastward. The hungry flames were soon grand, but awe inspiring in their brilliancy and fury, making the scene of blood and carnage all the more horrible. The crackling of the flames soon brought Uncle Ned, the faithful old negro servant, together with his wife, Rachael, both of whom were deeply and truly devoted to the master of the house. Aunt Rachael had belonged to Mrs. Claybrooke's father; indeed she had nursed her in infancy, was her maid in girlhood and was part of the marriage portion when she left her father's home in old Virginia, a happy young bride. As might have been expected, when the first heir was born into this happy home, the fond young mother naturally entrusted the little idol to her, who had

been more like a mother than a slave. Indeed the love for the "young Mistus" seemed to reach the climax in rapture over the "butiful chile," which Aunt Rachael claimed as her own special charge.

One who has never witnessed the humble devotion of a negro "Mammy," as these faithful old nurses were called, can half appreciate the pitiful grief displayed by Aunt Rachael when she saw the three white residents of Deer Run lying prone upon the ground. After a moment's silent gaze, the poor old creature frantically exclaimed—"Fo God nigger deys done come and kilt ole Massa and old Mistus, yeh, yeh ! and dey's kilt my darlin' baby too, dat's what dey has." The old thing clasped the limp form of the unconscious boy in her trembling arms, as she had done hundreds of times before, and with tottering steps, all the while muttering to herself, bore him to her own humble cabin, gently laying him upon her bed, as tenderly as a fond mother would her only babe.

Meanwhile Dr. Neale, the family physician, attracted by the light of the burning building, had

hastened to the scene, only to find his dear friend lying dead upon the ground. Being a surgeon, and not unused to tragedies, the doctor soon took in the situation, and with the assistance of Uncle Ned, who until now had stood wringing his hands in sheer despair, carried the fainting mother to the same little hut occupied by Hal (for that was the boy's name). The doctor first administered restoratives to the mother and then turned his attention to the boy. Finding his wound to be painful, but not dangerous, he left the mother and son temporarily to the servants, and hurried back to the scene of destruction to see that the body of his deceased friend was properly cared for. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Neale and with the watchful care of the negro "Mammy," the boy was soon up and able to assist in ministering to the wants of his invalid mother.

The mother, however, being of a sensitive nature and delicate constitution, could not so quickly recover from the shock of that memorable night. Indeed the exposure of that night superinduced a malignant case of pneumonia, which was more

than she could withstand. After a few days of intense suffering, augmented by the terrible shock and deep grief, her spirit went to join that of the sainted husband.

Thus the boy was left to bear his double affliction alone and not alone either, for the faithful slaves mourned the death of their owners almost as much as did their petted boy. The bereaved lad now had to turn his attention to his old nurse, who was so crazed with grief that she absolutely refused to take either food or drink. When urged to take food she would say mournfully, "I don't want nothin' to eat, kase I wants to die and go whar ole Massa and ole Mistus done gone."

Strange to say the simple-hearted old creature did linger upon her lowly bed for many days without nourishment, actually though slowly dying of grief for her deceased owners. The boy remained at her bedside continuously nursing her with the same gentle hand with which he had ministered to the wants of his mother. Dr. Neale too treated the old slave with all his skill, but the spirit of the dusky frame soon went to its reward.

When the brave little lad saw his faithful old nurse breathe her last, he wept as he had never wept before, for his care and anxiety for his mother and then for his nurse, had helped him to bear up under a load that now seemed unbearable and heartrending.

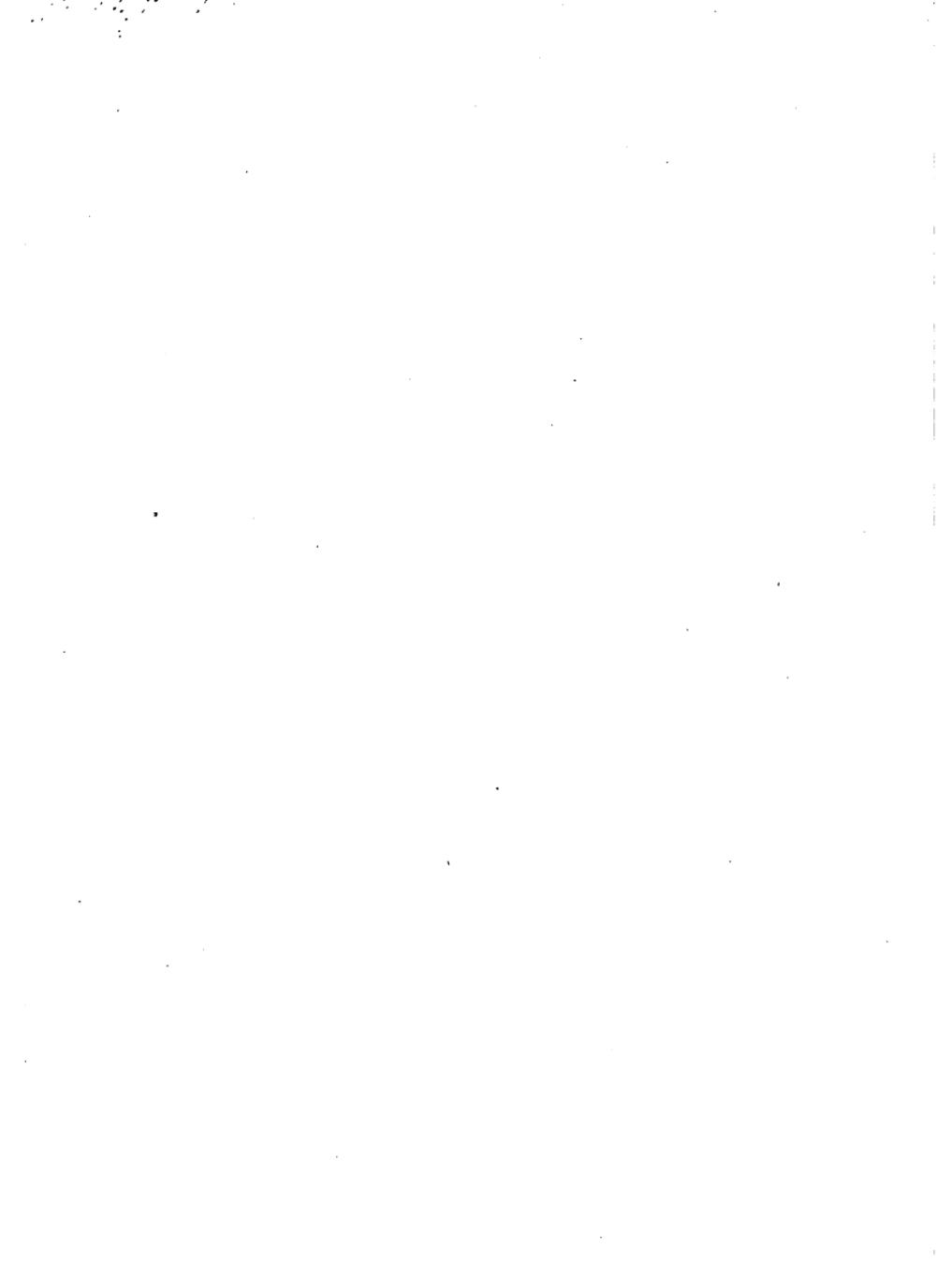
One who has never observed the pitiful wailings of a child left motherless in this cold, cruel world can half appreciate the sadness and desolation then depicted in the lonely orphan's face, and expressed in his pathetic tones.

*CHAPTER III.*

Winter was fast merging into Spring. The morning sun was warming vegetation into life. The mocking bird, the pride of the South, was softly chanting in the tree-tops, while the doleful "Whoo, whoo" of an owl in the distance, served as a funeral dirge for the solemn procession accompanying the earthly remains of the last victim of Deer Run tragedy to its final resting place. The day being propitious, the friends of the Claybrooke's turned out in full force to pay their respects to the memory of the dead. In the vast crowd of mourners gathered about the three newly made tombs of the family burying-ground, the three most conspicuous were Uncle Ned, the hoary headed husband of the corpse then being consigned to the grave, and Dr. Neale, who also seemed deeply moved by the scene, but all eyes were turned upon young Hal Claybrooke, who was literally distracted with grief. "What will he do?" "Where

*"The Volunteer Grounds."*





will he go?" each was asking the other—a question soon to be answered to the satisfaction of all present, for when the last shovel of earth had been thrown and all were turning from the cold grave, the sedate but brave Dr. Neale, who had until now remained silent, deliberately rapped for attention, and with a face pale as marble, one hand upon his heart, the other pointing to the tomb, said—"Friends—one and all—I now appeal to your manhood and to your patriotism, as well as to your love and respect for the martyr, whose name we revere, for an honorable redress of the wrongs proclaimed by these newly made graves. Like him who lies beneath this cold sod, I have opposed secession, but our State has seceded and I shall offer my services to the Southern Cause. Let's all who resent the foul murder of the noble Claybrooke report to the gallant Jackson for duty"

The occasion, already solemn, now became intensely serious. The words spoken in a sweet solemn tone and the deliberation with which they were uttered, fired every patriotic heart then throbbing in that lonely Cemetery. The speaker re-

paired to an unoccupied corner of the ground, and young Claybrooke with tears still trickling down his cheeks and trembling with emotion, eagerly bounded to his side. One after another of the silent mourners then boldly marched to the spot, ever after to be known as "The Volunteer Grounds." Thus a company of brave Confederates was organized, that too in a most solemn manner, for the erstwhile mourning had not yet been dissipated—nay, it served to sanctify the patriotic desire of these good men to fight for what they conceived to be the peaceful rights guaranteed to them by the Federal Constitution. As might have been expected, Dr. Neale was chosen as Captain—the brave lad standing by his side, being selected as bugler—a position which the boy was destined to fill with great credit to himself and command.

*CHAPTER IV.*

Dr. Neale, with is band of patriotic men, at once reported to General W. H. Jackson for duty. He at once received a Captain's commission and was sent back to his native section to stop, if possible, the fearful depredations of the Tories in that now almost devastated country, for Fielding was untiring in his efforts to rob all Confederate sympathizers. He often not only robbed the aged and indigent citizens, but quite frequently shot them to death in the very presence of their families, as he did Judge Claybrooke.

In fact, the Deer Run episode was a fair example of this warfare. Be it said, however, to the honor of their superiors in the regular Federal Army, these Tories acted, for the most part, upon their own hellish orders, not reporting to their commanders the extent of their robbery and house-burning, to say nothing of the foul assassinations

of old and decrepit men, who happened to have sons in the Confederate Army, or were themselves faithful to the cause of Secession.

The notorious Fielding was known to have robbed many houses of every pound of meat, every crumb of bread, every hoof of live stock of all descriptions whatever. Many times has he left the wife of an honest Southern soldier with a house full of little children with never a crust of bread for their next meal. It was just such miserable and cowardly warfare as this that prompted the gallant Neale to raise a company with which to defend his country.

While Captain Neale was passing through his home county he made it convenient to stop by to see his family, the other soldiers doing likewise. While he and his company were dining at his home in Hallettsville, young Claybrooke sought and obtained permission to visit "Deer Run" for the purpose of seeing Uncle Ned. With the possible exception of his captain the Kid (as he was then called) loved the old servant more than any one else. In order to guard against the Kid's possible

capture by the Tories, who were known to infest the country, doing their deadly work from ambush, eleven other young soldiers volunteered to accompany the young bugler.

It so happened that Col. Fielding was at that very moment loading the forage wagons of his company from the well filled granaries of "Deer Run." Thus early the land pirates had learned to feed themselves, and families as well, from the "cribs and smokehouses" of their former neighbors. The wagons were filled and, Fielding being unaware of the return of Captain Neale to the vicinity, was leisurely making his way towards Halletsville for the express purpose of applying "turpentine and the torch" to Captain Neale's handsome residence, despite the fact that this would leave Mrs. Neale, with her helpless little ones, without shelter or protection.

Meanwhile the "Kid" and his young comrades, equally unmindful of Fielding's close proximity, were leisurely wending their way through the bottoms to "Deer Run." At a sharp turn of the boggy road they suddenly encountered the van-

guard of the Tory company. Whether it was already too late to turn and retreat, or whether the beardless youngsters were too recklessly daring, or too brave to do so, will never be known. Be that as it may, after a short parley the "Kid" sounded a bugle charge, with which the fool-hardy boys raised a rebel yell and opened fire upon the approaching blue jackets, who, hearing the charge blown and perceiving the rapid approach of the boys in gray and imagining themselves confronted by Neale's whole company, stampeded like a herd of Texas long-horns, and fled for their lives. In their wild haste they deserted their wagons and madly cast off everything that could hinder them in their flight from the dreaded enemy.

The young dare-devils, seeing the mad retreat of the "Feds," boldly gave chase, dropping their own guns when discharged and seizing those left behind by the flying enemy. In this way they kept up a continuous fusilade that simply filled the swamps with the maddening roar and blinding smoke of the loud-mouthed shotguns.

Captain Neale, hearing the sound of arms, quickly hastened to the rescue of his boys, expect-

ing to find their lifeless bodies upon the ground, as he had only recently found that of the "Kid's" father, but instead, he was surprised and delighted to find the gallant youngsters in charge of the whole wagon train of the enemy; the wagons all being well loaded with forage just filched from the bins of "Deer Run." This was not all, for the little band of soldier boys had captured a number of prisoners, who were now in charge of eight of the squad. The other four, led by the "Kid," were still in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy, who were scared out of their wits by the incessant sound of the bugle charge which the "Kid" continued to blow in the very ranks of the retreating foe, leading them to believe that Neale's entire command was still in hot pursuit.

Captain Neale, arriving upon the ground, proudly took charge of the prisoners, together with their wagon train, sending a detachment of his company to join the "Kid" and his comrades in their eager pursuit of Fielding. He, however, being familiar with every by-path and hog trail in the valley, from which they were used to pur-

loining "rebel" hogs, took to the bush. In this way the hog stealers finally eluded Neale's little band.

One cannot well imagine the chagrin of the Tories upon learning that their whole company had been routed by twelve beardless boys, who had never until now met a foe in deadly combat. It would be hard to imagine the lusty encomiums lavished upon their bravery and military tact by their brave, but sedate, old commander.

This daring exploit of the "Kid Brigade" was soon the talk of the army, and had the "Kid" been older, he would doubtless have been given a place on Jackson's staff. After the Deer Run skirmish, Captain Neale decided to remain, at least until the "Hog stealers" or "House-burners" (as Fielding's men were appropriately called) could be driven from their favorite haunts. This was a thing very difficult to accomplish, for the sly Fielding, whose sneaking instincts were his predominant characteristics, took shelter in the dense underwood of Hatchie valley, only to emerge from his hiding place at the approach of night. He

would then swoop down upon some innocent planter, or the home of some absent Confederate soldier, like the hawk upon her unsuspecting prey.

After doing his hellish work he would take to the bush again before the vigilant Neale could get a shot at the owl-like desperado. Thus things went for several weeks, when the Tories finding their piracy rather unprofitable, as well as dangerous, concluded to seek a field promising a richer harvest than they could now expect from a range already devastated by their own ravenous hands.

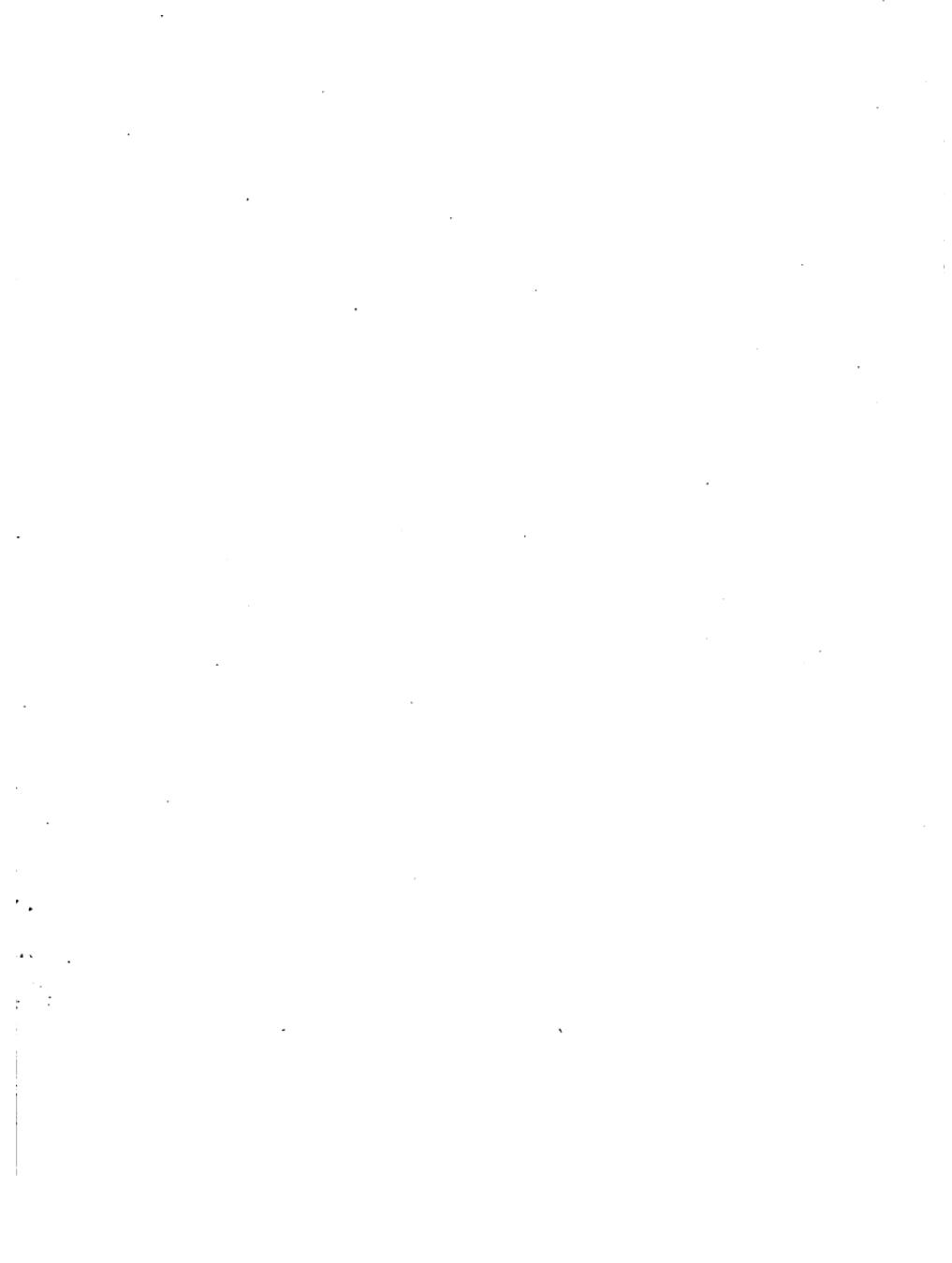


*CHAPTER V.*

The rigors of Winter were over; the lily white blossoms of the Dog-wood proclaimed the approach of Spring. Neale, with his company, after a fruitless reconnoitre through the swamps and tanglewood, had bivouaced for the night. By this time the boys were beginning to feel at home in a Confederate Camp and were grouped together in messes about the camp-fires discussing the events of the day. Captain Neale with his escort, including Hal Claybrooke, was seated at an improvised table fairly feasting upon the stores captured at "Deer Run." He refilled his tin cup with coffee, remarking at the same time, in his drawling tone, "Hal, if you boys don't capture another Yankee train soon, I fear we'll have to go back to rye coffee." "Yes, and our ham will soon be out too," interposed Alf Coleman, the "boss" cook of the company, emphasizing his taste for

*"Don't shoot, don't shoot, it's Uncle Ned."*





the article in question by thrusting a sharpened stick into a large slice of raw ham, in order to broil it over the camp fire near by.

Hal, remembering the old doctor's great fondness for coffee, took his joke seriously and sat buried in deep thought. "Hello! what's that?" cried Coleman, springing to his Yankee musket. "To arms!" commanded Neale. "They are coming, they are coming," shouted Hal, his face flushed with eager excitement. "Now we'll get coffee for the doctor." In an instant the alert Captain had his men in line, keeping the camp-fires between them and the approaching horsemen. The astute soldier then put his ear to the ground to ascertain, if possible, the number of horses coming.

The good-natured Coleman, not able to restrain his mirth, even in the face of danger, called out to Hal, "Don't forget the ham, old boy." Before Hal could reply, a lone rider dashed into camp, not even heeding the command to "Halt! halt!" which Coleman shouted at him in the same mirthful tone in which he spoke when telling

Hal not to forget the ham. "Don't shoot! don't shoot! its Uncle Ned," cried Hal.

"Dats so, Mars Hal, hit sho am Ned. Ise jis come ter tell yer deys ben ter our house again, dey has." "Whose been to your house?" interposed Neale. "Why dat Fielding, dats who," replied the excited darkey, with an air of self-importance. "What did he do this time, and where did he go?" asked the Captain, now eager for a clue to his movements. "Gone ter Memphis, sah! least dars whar he sed he's gwine, en I recon' hits so, kase he tuk Mose en Jake en all de critters, cept dis here one, en he thought he's gwine ter take Ned too, but dis here ole nigger is too smart fer de likes uf him. When he sed, 'Ned, yer want to go long to Memphis? There's heaps o' sugar an' lasses there,' I jes sed, 'Yassah Massa,' and started right long wid 'em, but when dey gits down in Clear Creek bottom, I jis drapped behin', en den jis turn en run fer dear life, an here I is now tellin' yer how I done it, en what's mo', I'se gwine wid yer all from dis day on, kase I know dem pore white trash ain't

gwine ter cum botherin' 'bout whar y'all is eny mo'." "How do you know that?" queried the Captain, curious to know what to expect of his antagonist.

"Kase, sah, I heard Fielding tell dat yaller headed Whitehorn he'd better not let dem damn guerillas git arter him wid dem Yankee muskets what y'all captured at 'Deer Run.' Dat aint all nudder; I heard 'em say dey had ter go whar rations is mo plentiful den dey is hyar, sah."



*CHAPTER VI.*

The old darkey was right. The Tories finding their piracy rather unprofitable, as well as dangerous, skulked away.

Captain Neale, finding that Fielding had eluded him, decided to send scouts in every direction. When he called for men who would go alone on these scouting expeditions, the "Kid" was the first to proffer his services. His thoughtful commander hesitated about sending out one so young, but seeing his determination, he finally consented for him to go, despite his tender years. It fell to Hal's lot to go in the very direction that had been taken by the fugitives. The boy did not strike the trail for several days and had about decided to retrace his steps and report a futile search. Growing bold pending this conclusion he essayed to enter the town of Tippah, where he hoped to enjoy a dinner at a public Inn, undisturbed by the fear of blue jackets. Mounted upon his prancing

chestnut, the daring young scout boldly entered the town, that too in the glare of the noon-day sun and by the main street of the town.

To his great surprise, upon nearing the tavern, he found fifty or more sleek horses, all with army rigs, quietly munching their noon-day meal. The daring boy now had naught to live for but revenge for the murder of his loved ones, and remembering the successful ruse or bluff of Deer Creek, Hal sounded a bugle charge and raised the "rebel yell" that never failed to send consternation to the Tories and boldly dashed down the street, shooting both revolvers as he went. Sure enough, the Tories, startled out of their wits, again stampeded and fled from the town, leaving their meals half eaten upon the board of their rebel host who had prepared dinner at their coercive demand. The "Kid," observing the rapid flight of the "hog stealers," turned to the tavern and asked the excited landlord if he could furnish a meal to a hungry Southern soldier. "That I can," eagerly replied the host, "and a hundred of them, if you'll go bring the company back, for I had

already prepared dinner for the scoundrels you have just run out of town."

"I am the only Southern soldier within fifty miles of the place," replied the young hero. "That cannot be, for you could not have routed a whole company by your lone self." "No, but the familiar sound of Neale's bugle did frighten them out of their senses." "Then you are alone?" "I am and I'm hungry to," replied the scout. "Then walk right into the dining hall and help yourself, while I go tell our people what a splinter of a boy has done," said the good-natured host, with an approving smile. True to his word, he did noise the exploit abroad, and before Hal had half satisfied his hunger, the commodious hall (for so it was called) was swarming with people—mostly ladies—all curious for a glimpse of the brave lad who, single-handed and alone, had routed half a hundred blue jackets.

To give the reader a proper conception of the felicitous commendations then lavished upon the hero of the hour by the elderly dames who had sons in the army, as well as by the younger ladies,

who had brothers or sweethearts fighting for the cause, so nobly represented by the youth, it is doubtless proper and meet that we should give a cursory description of Hal's appearance.

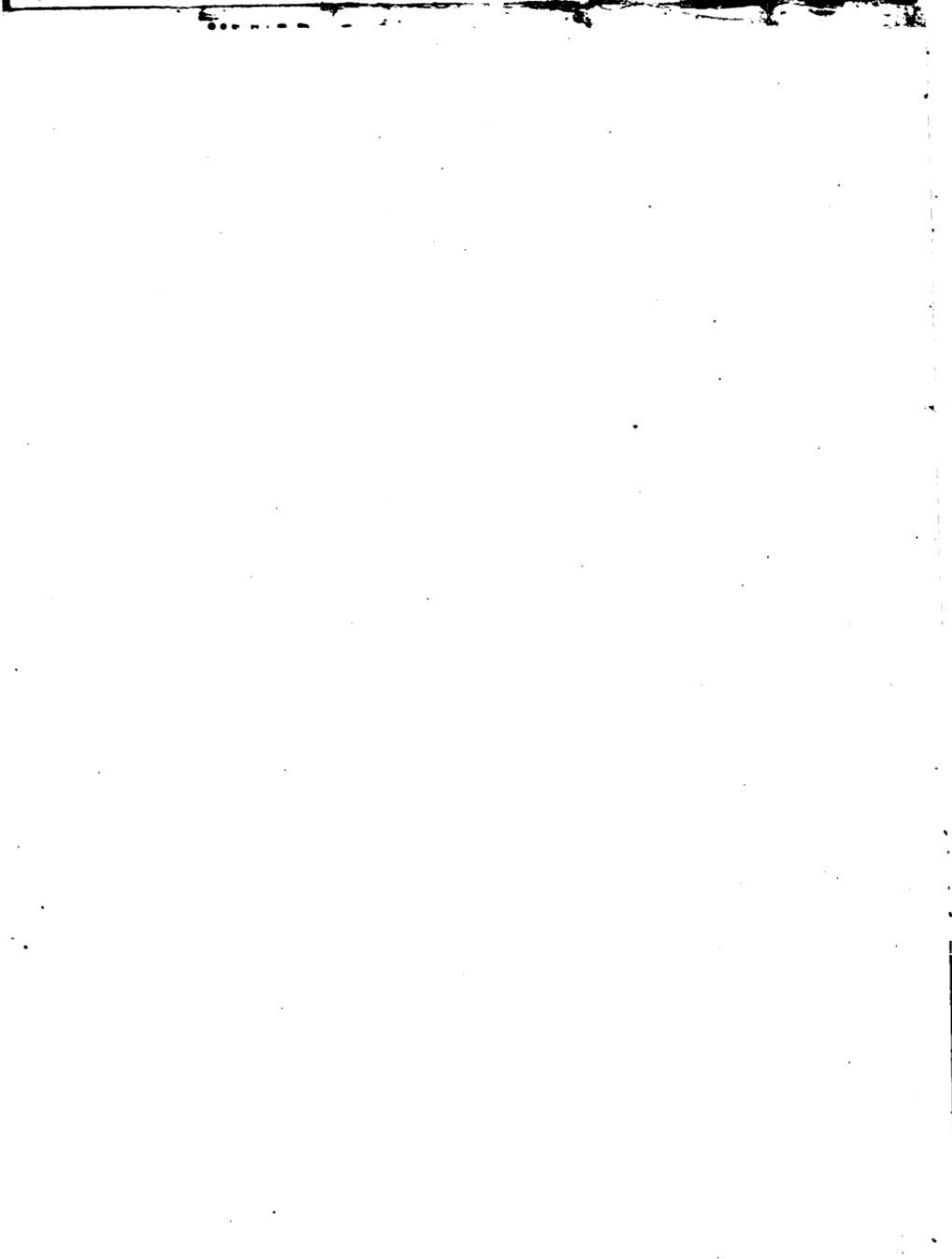
As has already been stated, he was in his seventeenth year, of rather an effeminate build and size and beardless. Indeed the lad was unusually small for his age, with feet and hands like those of a girl. His hair was black and wavy, his eyes of a deep blue, with a soft, laughing expression that always won for him the confidence, if not the love, of all with whom he came in contact. His complexion was fair, smooth and soft; in fact, he had a pink, transparent complexion of which any girl of "sweet sixteen" might be proud. His voice was gentle, mild and sweet. No wonder then, that the young girls, just budding into womanhood, should shower their well-meant compliments upon the fair youth, whose valor they had just seen demonstrated.

The news of the boy's venture was soon upon the lips of everybody in the town, so that almost before he knew it, he was loaded down with flow-

ers, "home knit" socks and "home-spun" garments of every kind, not only for himself, but for his comrades as well. Hal thanked the good people for their many tokens of regard and then bade the bevy of fond admirers adieu, expressing regret at having to leave so soon, assuring them, however, that he must hasten to his company, who, he said, were anxiously awaiting some tidings of the enemy, just frightened from the town, now wild with delight at their ignominious flight. The last farewell spoken, the "Kid" quietly mounted his steed, turning his head northward, intent upon conveying the tidings to his Captain, as quickly as his spirited charger could speed him to the camp.



*"Yer lost, ain't yer?"*



*CHAPTER VII.*

In a very few hours the Tories, in charge of Lieutenant Whitehorn, were many miles from the scene of their last stampede, fully recovered from the shock. "Tobe, whar'll we most like find some forage for our hosses? Yer know Neale beat 'em outen their dinner." "Why let's jis go up in Alcorn County. They say thar ain't nuthin' but corn up thar, en it's so alfired hilly—Neale wid his quality fellers won't be like ter foller us futher'n I knocked that yaller dog back thar." "All right, Tobe," replied Nick. "You lead out and we uns 'll foller."

Nothing pleased Tobe more than to follow a trail and the more difficult the better. Besides he esteemed it a special favor to be selected as the leader, and as he knew Neale to be in the rear, he naturally felt more comfortable with his comrades between him and the enemy. The route

chosen was a mere trail along the meanderings of a rivulet, which by the way, was a tributary to the Hatchie River.

There are no mountains in Mississippi worthy the name, but there are many pine-covered hills, commonly called mountains by the natives, who, for the most part, had never been beyond the county line. If those hills were mountains to the people who paid taxes on them, why should any one dispute their right to the distinction? What is more, Tobe, Nick and the rest thought they were in a great canyon when wending their way up the "spring branch" in search of corn, which they thought was plentiful in the county as indicated by its name.

They were not to be wholly disappointed either, for the path led to a gushing spring at the head of the canyon (so-called) where a venturesome farmer had built a "chinked and daubed" house. This style of structure was made by building a pen of slender pine poles, the cracks being "chinked" with short boards riven from blocks about six inches long. These boards or pegs are put in the

cracks in a reclining position, one end resting on the lower log, the other upon another peg and so on until the crack is chinked from end to end, so that the chinking like laths in a plastered wall, holds the mortar, which is made of red clay, well mixed with straw or crab-grass gathered from corn fields. This mortar is daubed into the cracks with great force and then smoothed down by hand, thus making a very comfortable house.

Some thrifty farmers whitewash the daubing and by so doing make right respectable residences. This one, however, had not been so favored, though the occupant, a tall, broad shouldered, sandy haired man of uncertain age, had reared a family of "four big fat gals" (as he called them) and three brawny boys in it. The children, including the girls, worked in the field. Thomas Segall, for that was the farmer's name, had several cribs built like the residence (minus the daubing) literally full of the rich, yellow corn.

A pen built after the manner of the cribs, only not so tall and without roof, spanned the spring branch just below the house. In this pen there

were a dozen or more sandy colored, half-grown pigs, as fat as the aforesaid "gals." Upon seeing the place Tobe shouted back, "Nick, I tol' yer we wus in Alcorn County!" Whitehorn made no reply, but putting spurs to his horse, was soon beside Tobe, eager to take charge of the newly discovered forage. Segall had heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and being unused to such visitations, went out to the front fence to see what was the matter. Throwing one leg over the low top rail, a position he always assumed when he had any one to talk to, he waited for the riders to come up. He liked to talk, especially when the rest of the family were in the field at work. "Hello, stranger!" he called out to Tobe and Nick as they rode up. "Yer lost, ain't yer?" "No," replied Nick, "we heered this was Alcorn County en we jis 'lowed we'd come up en git some."

"Git some whut?" interrupted Segall, noticing the war-like appearance of the visitors for the first time. "Why some corn outen that air crib, so yer jis take that Rebel foot in outen our way and we'll show yer what loyal unyon men do with rebel

corn." "Yes, and guerrilla hogs, too," wheezed Tobe Treese, who always had a tooth for fresh meat. "That's not *rebel* corn, hit's jis ordinerry yaller corn," replied the bewildered farmer. "Come now, don't be so damned smart or we'll take you along, too," howled Whitehorn. "I'm not tryin' to be smart. I jis don't know nothin' 'bout ribbel or rebel corn, which ever yer said," meekly replied the farmer. "Yer don't mean ter say yer don't know this State done gone and rebelled, do yer?" "I don't know whut the State's done, kase I hain't been no whar outen this here hollar since my boy Jim wus snake bit more'n four years ago, en thin I jis went down the crik to ole man Tetter's still ter git some peach brandy, whut I 'lowed ud be good fur snake bites. Tetter, he didn't say nuthin' 'bout *ribbells* en he allers knows whut's gwine on, kase whin I fus' settle here they tole me this wus Tipper County en then the nex' thing I hearn, ole man Tetter, he tole me, I wus in Alcorn County en I hain't done move nuther. When I ask Tetter how I could git over inter another county, he jis said the legislater done it, so

all I know 'bout it is, I use ter live in Tipper County en now I lives in Alcorn County, en I hain't moved no whars nuther.

"Now ef yer calls that ribelling, I 'spose I's done it, though it wasn't no fault uf mine." "Then yer hain't got no niggers here, has yer?" interposed Tobe. "No, I hain't hardly seed a nigger since I lef North Calliny, nigh on ter twenty year ago. That wus whin our gal Maria wus 'bout four year ole," said the father in a proud tone.

"Then yer hain't heered how the nigger owners up in the Western Deestrict done rebelled agin the President, has yer? No, I know yer hain't or yer'd be on yer way now ter jine the army, ter fight fur the unyun agin the quality folks, what thinks more o' their niggers then they do uv a pore honest white man."

Whitehorn was speaking now in a friendly, confidential tone, gradually drawing nearer Segall, as he spoke. Segall, up to this time, had been satisfied with his lot and was as happy as an ignorant person could be. He now became interested in the talk of war on the slave owners, whom

he had learned to hate back in North Carolina. With more animation than before displayed, he said, "Ef you fellers ain't a foolin' uv me, I wants yer ter git down en stay all night." Without waiting for a reply, the old man called out, "Here Josh you en Job show them men the way ter the lot en feed the critters all they'll eat, too, while I ax the Cap'n here all 'bout that air war."

By this time, Maria came leisurely down the path from the spring, carrying three pails brim full of water, one in each hand and one upon the bare head, a feat she had accomplished a hundred times, without mishap; but not so now. When she caught sight of a stranger at the gate, she stopped suddenly, thus throwing the pail from her head.

This was more than the poor creature could stand; she therefore turned and started to run, but she was not to escape so easily, for her father, in a commanding tone—due partly to habit, but more directly to his effort to show off before the "Cap'n," as he called Lieutenant Whitehorn, yelled out to the excited girl, "Now, Maria, don't ack

like yer never seed a man before dis here un, but jis come right on. Ack like yer does when that feller o' yourn comes a cavortin' round here on a Sunday, like he own you an this here plantation o' mine, ter say nuthin' uv them critters down the crik."

The girl turned and came on toward the men, saying, "Now dad yer neen't tell the stranger everything yer knows, fer eff Bill Sexton does come to dis here house every Sunday, en a Monday too, hits no sign me en him's gwine ter marry, kase yer know Si Parks he's bin a sparkin' uv Sister Viny, fur gwine on ter four year, en they hain't done married yit." "Never mine Bill Sexton and Si Parks, nor eny of them good fur nothin' scamps what thinks more'n courtin' en the likes, then they do uv choppin' corn, but jis go ter the house en tell yer mammy ter git down that air sassage out'n the chimley en git supper ready en me en the Cap'n 'll come en eat while the boys put up the critters en feed." Then turning to Whitehorn, Segal said, "Ez I was gwine on ter say, I allers 'lowed there'd be a war 'tween them quality

folks en the workin' men, en Ise glad ter hear yer say its come; that is eff yer did say it."

"That's jes whut I wus gwine ter tell yer when that buxom gal uv yourn come along en knock it all out'n my head," replied Whitehorn. "They done had a big fight at Fort, en a bigger un at Donaldson." "That's not hit," interrupted Treese. "Wal then, how was it, Tobe?"

"You read it outen the paper." "Why," said Tobe, "the 'count I read, it said they fout a battle at Donaldson down there by some river, I forgit the name; enway, Lincoln, he jis whip Jeff Davis clean out'n his socks." "Jeff Davis did yer say, why he's the President of this here State, least he wus when I wus livin' in Tipper County, en how comes he er fightin' up in Tennessy?" asked the farmer, now more interested than ever.

In this way the strangers soon became friends. When Whitehorn and the others left the little shanty in the hollow, Segall accompanied them, having seized the first opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the slave owners, whom he had long regarded as bitter enemies of his class.

*CHAPTER VIII.*

After the Tippah episode, the "Kid" sped like the wind to the bivouac of the gallant Neale, who, upon hearing of Fielding's movements, at once started in search of the pests and quickly came upon them. The Feds, however, after some little unimportant skirmishing with the "boys" in gray took shelter behind the Federal picket lines at Memphis.

Captain Neale then reported to his regiment, namely the—Tennessee, for further orders, and was therefore just in time to participate in the brilliant and daring attack upon the Union Army then stationed at Colliersville, a small station on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, some few miles east of Memphis.

Here it was the fortune of Neale's men to find a foe "worthy of their steel," for the sagacious Gen. Sherman was himself in immediate command

*"A leaden missile into the uplifted foot."*





of the Federal Army. Having just arrived from Memphis in his private car, which stood upon the track just opposite the little station house, the general and his staff took shelter therein from the Rebel bullets, which whistled a very unwelcome and deadly greeting to the brave Blue Jackets. Gen. Sherman soon had the little station house converted into a right substantial fort.

The Feds greatly outnumbered their assailants, but being somewhat startled and confused by the daring charge of the enemy they took shelter behind their fort, from which they at first returned the fire in a desultory manner with futile results. The Rebs, however, dashed full into the very midst of the enemies' camp, boldly riding over the intimidated foe.

A small band, including our young hero, advanced so far as to take charge of the self same car from which Gen. Sherman had just emerged, notwithstanding the fact that the said car stood under the very eaves of the house then sheltering the wily commander. This was more than the Feds could stand, for some of the more daring entered into a hand to hand combat with the Tenn-

essee troopers. The struggle, however, was brief, desperate and deadly, so that the brave assailants had to fall back in good order, but not until the "Kid" had burned the General's car, and that, too, by using the great warrior's wardrobe as tinder with which to ignite the portable boudoir.

One of the Feds, seeing the "Kid" snatch his commander's luggage from under his very nose, endeavored to rescue it, which resulted in a most desperate struggle, in which the "Kid" succeeded only by dint of a most daring and courageous feat. His combatant was as brave as he, and being the larger and more powerful of the two, was able to fell the brave boy to the ground by one well-aimed blow of his navy six. The boy had, however, not known what the word surrender meant, and quick as a flash, whipped his pocket pistol from its resting place and sent a leaden missile into the uplifted foot of the infuriated assailant just as he was about to plant his well-stealed boot heel square in the face of the prostrate boy.

The well-aimed shot of the boy enabled him to escape, but not without lasting marks of the violent

and furious conflict of that eventful hour. The daring exploit of the "Kid" was soon upon the tongue of every soldier and officer in that division of the Confederate Army.

General Sherman, in reporting the results of the battle, stated over his own signature, "They burned my private cars under my very nose, using my shirt as kindling." When, therefore, General Forrest wanted a brave man to go as a spy into the Federal camps at Memphis, it was perfectly natural that the "Kid" soldier should be singled out for so daring an adventure. To this call he gladly responded.

The object of this venture was to learn and report the exact location, movements and habits of Generals Washburn, Buckland and Hurlbut, then in charge of the Federal post. The intention of the "wizard of the saddle," as General Forrest was then known, was to slip through the picket lines at Memphis, and capture the Federal officers before they were aware of his presence in the vicinity.

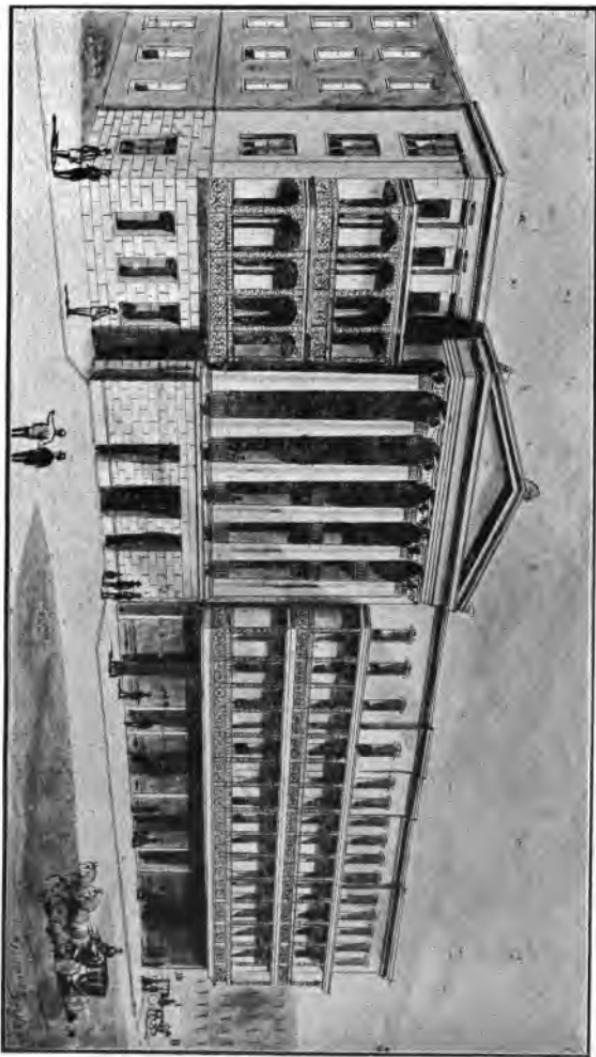
How well he succeeded in this scheme will be related in the succeeding pages of this narrative.

*CHAPTER IX.*

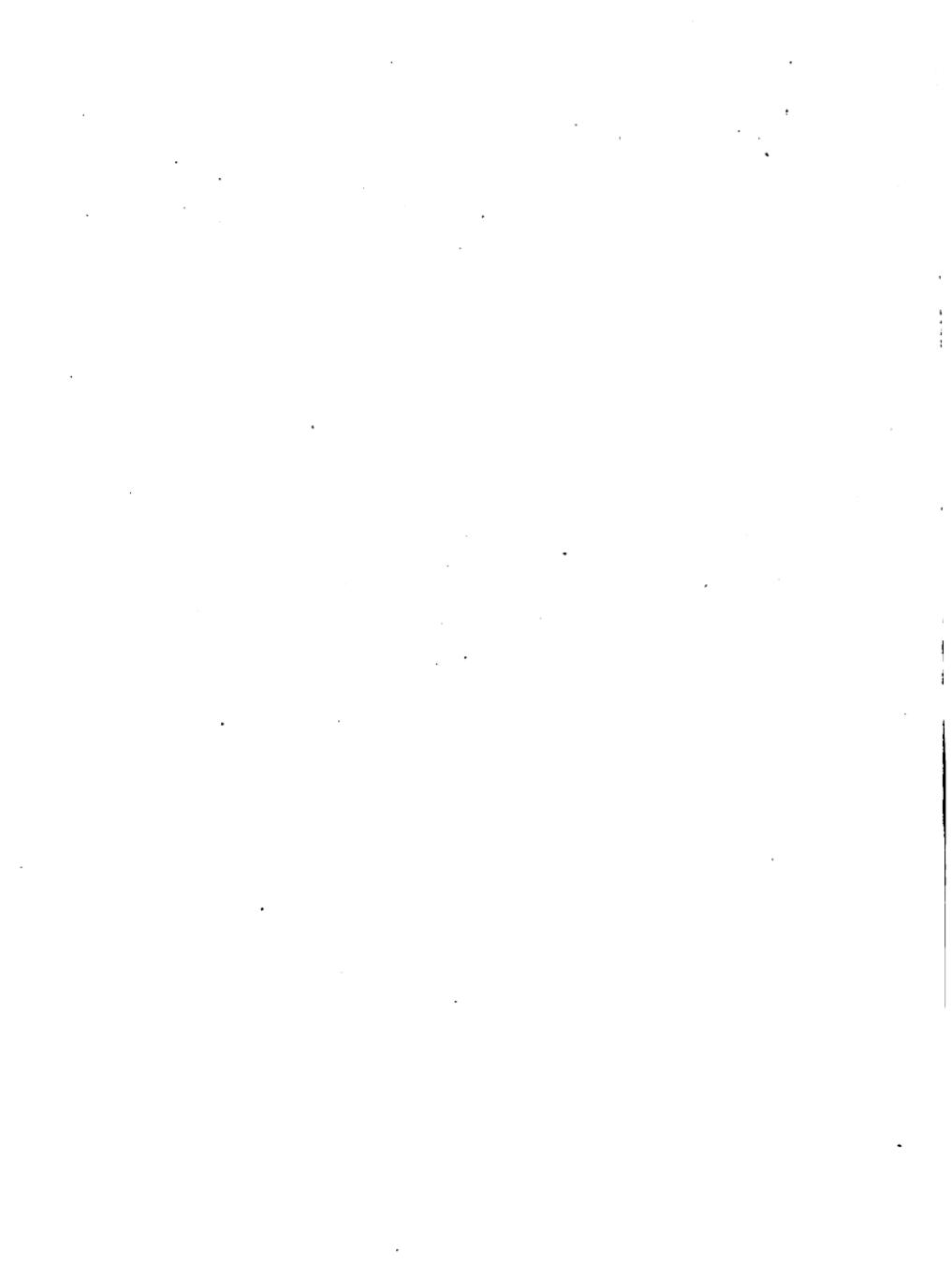
General Forrest now laid his plans before young Claybrooke and he at once set about to devise means by which he could accomplish the object of his hazardous adventure.

As has already been stated, the "Kid" was small and beardless, his features resembling those of a girl yet in her teens, far more than those of a well-tried soldier; hence Hal naturally enough determined to go disguised as a girl. General Forrest fully approving his plans, furnished him with ample funds with which to carry out the project. Again the "Kid's" musical talent stood him a good turn, as it had in influencing his selection as bugler of his company.

He at once resolved to go as a music teacher armed with the instruments of his chosen profession. Changing his name somewhat, he departed for the new field of his future actions, going



*The Gayoso Hotel in 1864.*



as Miss Hallie Clay. In the habiliments of a girl, he looked the character he essayed to personate, and was therefore fully prepared for the difficult and delicate task before him. His appearance was really a very great surprise to all, himself as well, for he appeared a handsome girl, with laughing blue eyes, delicate, smooth transparent skin, adorned by jet black wavy hair, all combined to make him a pretty counterpart. It was, therefore, no great wonder that he found no difficulty in passing the picket lines and finding a ready entree into the gay throng then occupying the Gayoso Hotel. General Hurlbut and several other Federal officers were making there headquarters here. They, with the regular guests of the famous Southern hostelry, formed an immensely gay company.

Here Miss Hallie Clay (as Hal called himself) readily found an appreciative audience, for what nature is it that cannot be easily melted by the delicate strains of a thorough musician, or the thrilling notes of a bird-like voice, especially when the music is made by the slender white hands of a girl, or the notes trilled by a charming woman,

as all with one voice declared the new music teacher to be.

Miss Clay, of course, at once set about securing a few pupils and found many admiring friends to assist in the undertaking. Chief among those who volunteered their services in her behalf being Miss Catherine Deboe, a tall, willowy blonde, who looked to be about seventeen. Miss Deboe was the daughter of a handsome Federal Colonel, then quartered in the Gayoso. Being an only child, and indeed the only member of his family then living (the wife and mother having died several years previous), it was quite natural she should enlist her father's influence in the interest of her newly made acquaintance and friend, for Miss Kate, as the Colonel's daughter was familiarly known, seemed to take quite a fancy to Miss Clay from the first hour of their meeting. She at once took the lonely girl, as she chose to call her, under her own care.

With such a gay and charming chaperone, or perhaps "foster sister," would be more like it, Miss Clay soon secured a large and lucrative class.

"Now, Miss Hallie," said Kate, "you have a nice large class and one that will yield you a handsome monthly income, so you must make yourself easy and happy. And," said she, "I'm, as you know, somewhat lonely myself, being without a mother, or any near female relative, so you must come and share my room with me and we will be just like two sisters. Do you know, I have always wished that I had a sister to love and confide in." "No, no," said Miss Clay, "I cannot accept such hospitality, for you have already done me a kindness which I can never repay." "Don't speak of paying me anything," answered Kate with a look of disappointment, "for it is *I* who will be profited by your society, for I am alone as you see, and besides, I have not the accomplishments that you have, to make me the center of attraction, but then I do not envy them to you, I only want to enjoy *you*, while others enjoy your soul-stirring music and your thrilling notes, every one of which strike a sympathetic chord of my own affectionate nature."

"I thank you for your kind offer, and appreciate your generosity and confidence more than you can ever know, but I must not yield to your pressing invitation. I want your friendship and shall, ere long, prove to you that I am not ungrateful, nor indifferent to your kindness, yet I cannot accept your generous offer—not now, at any rate."

This was more than Kate could stand, so she, woman like, gave way to tears, throwing her arms around Miss Clay's neck, exclaiming in pathetic tones, "*Hallie, you must, you shall come and room with me. Now please say you will, won't you?*" This was more than the boy-girl had bargained for, and he knew not how to answer, for if he should untwine Kate's slender arms, from about his neck and fling her from him, she would doubtless feel hurt and perhaps get angry with him, thus frustrating the errand upon which he had staked his life, and perhaps cause him to betray the trust his commander had confided to him.

With the charming woman's arms about his neck, her soft cheek resting against his own, and her warm breath fanning his glowing cheek, the

boy stood transfixed, not knowing how to act, or how to extricate himself from the sweet and thrilling, yet sad and desperate, dilemma into which he had been unwittingly drawn. "I will tell her all, and then escape for my life," said Hal to himself.

Then he thought of the gallant Forrest, of his father's cruel death, and of his duty to the cause for which he had enlisted, and quickly resolved to yield to the girl's innocent request, determined, of course, to forever conceal his identity, for the sake of the sweet girl, as well as for the cause to which he had vowed to give his very life, if need be. Gently stroking Kate's sunny hair he unloosed her arms from their tender and affectionate clasp, implanting a loving kiss upon her forehead, saying in a soft, earnest tone, "Now, Kate, I will accept your offer, and assure you I will be very pleased to occupy the room with your own dear self." Kate's tears now vanished instantly. Kissing Hal's beardless lips, she burst into an ecstasy of childish glee—for what was Kate but a petted, spoiled baby? Hal permit-

ted Kate's outburst of affection without being in the least able to resist, or even to try to prevent her demonstrations. He knew they sprang spontaneously from a pure and innocent heart, while at the same time he knew that he was receiving goods under false pretenses. It was far from Hal's mind, however, to obtain the thrilling caresses by or through deceptive or fraudulent means.

Indeed he tried hard and did partially persuade himself that the objects of his false position justified the means employed to attain the end in view. He said to himself, "I will fulfill my mission here and then vanish from the scene of my dual and deceptive role so completely, that this pure, sweet and innocent girl, whose presence in my room so disturbs my delicate sense of right, shall never know that she has occupied a room with one of the opposite sex."

*CHAPTER X.*

While these conflicting thoughts revolved in the fevered and excited brain of the boy-girl, the real girl lay peacefully and innocently slumbering just across the room from her bewildered companion. Unmindful of her anomalous position, Kate was entirely blameless in her own pure mind, being, of course, perfectly ignorant of the strange relations already existing between her room-mate and herself.

As a matter of fact, the boy-girl already had a strange influence over the real girl that the latter did not understand, and perhaps did not fully appreciate, for Kate knew that the very touch of Hallie's hand thrilled every fiber of her being in such a way as she had never known or experienced before. The girl had never known the depth of true love and therefore could not understand the deep-rooted passion into which she was now being rapidly drawn.

Being ignorant of Hal's true sex, she did not stop to consider the trend of the current along which she was now swiftly wafted by Cupid's wiles. She knew and felt that "Hallie" was already dearer to her than any one else in the world, and that there was a mysterious, inexplicable tie that drew her and bound her to the blue-eyed girl, who had come so unexpectedly into her home and life, though she could not fathom the real nature of this attachment.

Meanwhile, intuitive affinity, that occult and subtle something that draws and binds man and woman together in spite of themselves, independent of their own volition, was doing its work, notwithstanding the fact that Kate believed the object of her love to be of her own gentle sex, and treated Hal as such. With him it was different. He knew that he loved Kate and felt the sweet charming influence of her love for him. He longed to throw off his mask—that accursed thing—that separated him like an impassable chasm from the first and only woman who had ever thrilled his being by the touch of her soft warm hands, or

by the sweet effervescence of her own ardent nature.

Realizing the enormity of the abyss that separated them, Hal tried hard to quench the flame that was fast taking hold upon him, as well as the unsuspecting girl. The peculiar relations already existing between them were such that it was utterly impossible for him to stop the onward flow of the tide.

The first night Hal's peculiar experience was thrilling in the extreme. It was also exceedingly awkward. The conflicting emotions of his mind and heart were intensely trying and soon wrought him to a very high degree of nervous excitement. Could any young man resist the beguiling influence of such balmy and mellow atmosphere?

Possibly, but not so with Hal Claybrooke. He felt himself swept by the mighty current of Cupid's alluring waves full into the gulf of a true and ardent love ere the first night was half gone. Small wonder was it, then, that Hal found sleep impossible? He lay upon his couch eagerly watching for the first dawn of day. Morning came at

last, the sun crept over the horizon and over the tops of the houses, throwing his rays full upon the bosom of the great Mississippi; giving the stream a grand appearance, while each ripple as it sent its musical voice to lull the guests of the great hotel upon the bluffs, seemed like revolving threads of burnished silver.

When Hal could remain quiet no longer he stole to the window to look out upon the great expanse of water, lying to the Westward. Not even the morning zephyrs, all richly freighted with delicate perfume sipped from the early Spring blossoms in the extensive forest on the opposite shore, nor the grand scenery, could divert Hal's thoughts from the beautiful woman innocently reposing on the opposite side of the room. The exhilarating vapors rising from the deep blue waters, all perfumed by kisses stolen from the rich verdure beyond, only served to make him more anxious for his companion to awake. When the boy could restrain his eagerness no longer, he began to chant a familiar love ditty, gradually getting louder, until the voice aroused the sleeper. Kate had evidently

felt his presence, even in her sleep, for upon opening her eyes she said, "Is that you, Hallie? I dreamed that you had left me, but you will not leave me, will you Hallie?" "Not if I can help it," Hal replied plaintively.

With this Kate arose and began her morning toilette. Hal sat with his face buried in his hands, lamenting the awkward predicament into which his dual role had drawn the girl at his side. When Kate had stuck the last pin, she turned to her companion saying, "Now, Hallie, do you think Papa will think his daughter looks as nice as the General's daughter?"

"Indeed you do," said Hal, "you look perfectly charming in that gown; blue is so becoming to your complexion."

"It sets her figure off to the best possible advantage, too," said Hal to himself, but he dare not speak his thoughts, not even to Kate. He well knew that to reveal himself to her or anyone would mean nothing short of death. Hal had often heard it said, "Yankees dread and hate a rebel as much as the devil does Holy Water." Neverthe-

less, in order to give vent to his feeling, he had ventured to write a brief description of his idol as follows:

“KATHERINE.”

She was rather tall, above medium size,  
With very large and lustrous brown eyes,  
Eyes that displayed firmness and fidelity,  
As well as fondness for harmless levity.  
Eyes e'er indicating honesty and truth,  
With no approving glances for things uncouth;  
Eyes indicating purity of heart,  
Not given to the wiles of deceptive art,  
But displaying affection quite warm and true  
Where e'er the same was legitimately due.  
With complexion clear, yet neither dark nor fair;  
All adorned with golden, or reddish-brown hair.  
The profile of her face was full and long,  
With a large nose denoting character strong.  
Her forehead was full, also both broad and high,  
With long lashes shading a beautiful eye;  
Set neath a darkly penciled, prominent brow  
Gracefully arching like the willow's weeping bough.  
Her shapely ears were delicately pink and thin,  
With pretty, rosy, dimpled cheeks and chin.

Long, round, soft and graceful was her throat and  
neck

And white with never a blemish, mole or speck,  
Ever gracefully supporting a perfect head;  
With soft lips of a cherry, or rosebud red,  
Shielding large teeth, all like pearls set in a mold  
Quite skillfully made of twenty karat gold;  
With arms, hands and fingers plump and tapering;  
Likewise tiny feet, tuned to capering.

Her figure was rather lithe and slender,  
Her round, full bust denoting her gender.  
In truth, she was voluptuously charming  
Though her modesty was almost alarming.

Hal was careful to put this scroll into a sealed envelope addressed to himself, leaving it where Kate could find it after he should be gone.

*CHAPTER XI.*

When Hal and his companion went to join the Colonel at Breakfast, he had already entered the spacious dining-room and was eagerly scanning the morning paper for such war news as the Federal authorities permitted the press to promulgate. Upon hearing the rustling of the dainty morning gowns, then the fashion of the hour, the Colonel lifted his glasses from his large Roman nose and was unusually well pleased at the lovely vision he then beheld. Coming straight to his chair were two lovely girls, with glowing faces, each as fresh as the lovely pink roses which they wore. Their gaiety and sparkling eyes caused the Colonel for the time being to forget that there was such a thing as a fierce war raging in the land. What is a prettier picture than two beautiful girls walking arm-in-arm, their faces beaming with girlish delight? And what man would not lay aside

*"Coming straight to his chair were two lovely girls."*





his newspaper to enjoy such company? The Colonel noting the unusually smiling, happy face of his daughter, himself became suddenly gay and humorous. "Come now, girls," said he, "and give an account of your first night's experience as roommates." To which Kate replied, "Oh, papa, it's just fine to have a nice, sweet room-mate like Hallie," at the same time gently stroking her companion's cheek, adding, "and I do wish Hallie was my sister. Can't you adopt her, so she will really be my sister, for she tells me that both her papa and mama are dead, and that she is all alone in the world? Now, papa, don't you think it would be nice to have two daughters to love you instead of one?"

The father, thinking this a mere childish notion, or perhaps only a good natured joke, replied, "Very well, if you two can room together for two whole weeks and be as fond of each other at the end of that time and as happy then as you now appear, I will adopt Hallie, provided, of course, that confounded Forrest does not drive us into the river before that time,"—the latter being spoken in a

somewhat sarcastic tone;—the good natured Colonel laughing heartily at his own joke. “Oh,” said Kate, “if Forrest comes prancing around here, Hallie and I will get a boat and sail right over to the Arkansas swamps and hide among the beautiful vines that bind the great oaks together in their romantic bowers, won’t we, Hallie?”

This question rather puzzled Hal, for it now dawned upon him that he must soon report the result of his investigations to the very Forrest, at whose expense his companions were then making sport, and that, too, in order to prepare Forrest for the very attack which the Colonel seemed to think improbable. After a moment’s silence, he replied, “Kate, I fear the bears and mosquitoes of the Arkansas swamps would serve us worse than the Rebel guerrillas, of whom the Colonel speaks.” “Yes,” said the latter sarcastically, “I fear the blatant voice of the wild rebel beast less than I do the annoying buzz of the Arkansas galinipper, so we will just remain here and enjoy the safety afforded us by the names of Washburn, Buckland and Hurlbut.” “And Deboe,” added Kate, with a

knowing look at the Colonel, who showed his appreciation of his daughter's parental reverence, by gently stroking her golden curls.

Meanwhile Hal was pondering the serious difficulty into which he had involuntarily been drawn; for he now realized more than ever, that to do his duty to the "Rebel beast," as the Colonel termed General Forrest, he would be compelled to bring danger, if not death itself, to the father of the lovely girl whom he had already learned to love, more than any one else in the world.

Glancing at the clock, Hal observed, "It is nine o'clock, so I must leave you and go to my class," with which she, or rather he, arose and went to the room to prepare for a hard day's work—hard, because neither Hal's mind nor heart was in the work, and harder still because he now felt the peculiarly sweet, yet awkward and, some might say, dishonorable position into which he had been drawn by the wiles of fickle Cupid.

*CHAPTER XII.*

Kate, unlike Hallie, was brighter, happier, more witty than usual. In fact, the change in her manners and disposition was so decided that all noticed it; her father more than anyone else. It is also needless to say that he too was happier out of sympathy for his lovely daughter and was, for this reason, very proud of the attachment which had so suddenly sprung up between the two girls. Little did he dream that he was fanning the flame that was already burning its way into the very depths of his daughter's ardent and affectionate nature.

As a matter of fact, the flame needed no fanning, nor did it need extraneous tinder, for the fuse of intuitive affinity—that which draws man and woman together—regardless of all opposition—that instinct or passion, or whatever else you may call it—that causes man and woman to forsake all else, father, mother, brothers, sisters and every



*"Hal paused, dazed by the lovely picture before his eyes."*



other family tie known to the human race and cleave unto each other—was slowly, constantly and serenely weaving the net that would forever bind these young hearts together in an indissoluble tie, though the innocent and unsuspecting girl knew not the real nature, nor the length, breadth and height of the passion that was fast taking possession of her whole heart and being. All she knew was, that she enjoyed every furtive glance of Hallie's deep blue eyes, every word uttered by those soft young lips, in fact, the very presence of her near friend.

Why, she knew not, nor did she stop to ask herself the reason for the attachment. Why should she trouble herself as to the causes of the thrilling enchantment? Was it not natural for one girl to love and admire another? Especially one like herself, who has lost her mother and consequently was without the tender affectionate love which every young girl craves? Thus these two souls were brought together in a unity such as exists only between two persons of opposite sex.

Such love comes unsought, to possess and con-

trol the soul which revels in the glory of its own effulgent light, or quietly repose in the shades of its own towering castles, ever unmindful of all that is not in harmony with its own beneficent influences, happy impulses and glorious expectations. Under the charm of the new attachment, Kate went about with a happy, beaming face, while Hal gave the lessons of the day with apparent ease and satisfaction to the pupils, some ten or twelve bright young girls. The day's work done, Hal hastened to his room, where he found Kate peacefully dozing and presenting a most beautiful picture, as she sat, or rather reclined, in a large willow rocker with her dishelved locks profusely hanging over the back of the chair.

Her tiny, slender foot rested gracefully upon a silk-covered foot-stool. Her bare white arms were thrown backward, so that her delicate hands were clinched and served as a pillow for her head. Upon beholding the rapturous sight, Hal paused, dazed by the lovely picture before his eyes. He stood as it were rooted to the ground, his boyish heart beating with emotion. Recovering himself, he fur-

tively tripped along over the carpet until he stood beside the charming figure and gently took her soft little hands by way of arousing her. With this Kate slowly opened her eyes, exclaiming, "Hallie, is it you? I thought you would never come."

"Yes, it is I," said Hal, "and it is time to dress for dinner." Upon saying which they both proceeded to make their toilets. When the delicate task was completed, Kate stepped to Hallie's side, saying, "Now, Hallie, do you think my toilet will please papa?" "Indeed I do, for you are just beautiful this evening," responded Hal emphasizing his remarks with a kiss upon the ruby lips which Kate innocently held up to him. Both now went to join the Colonel, who was standing upon the gallery overlooking the river, eagerly awaiting them. Upon beholding the beaming countenance of his daughter, the punctilious Colonel forgot that he was not alone and affectionately threw his arms about his idol's neck, exclaiming, "Why, Kate, what is making you so pretty and happy? I never saw you looking so charming before?" "I'll tell

you, Papa, it is the reflection of my sister Halie's charms that makes me so pretty." Just as she spoke she caught a glimpse of the broad expanse of water and exclaimed joyfully, "Papa, won't you take us to see the wild beauty of that forest sometime?"

The sun which had been behind a cloud now came out, throwing its golden rays askant the deep rolling waters of the great river, making one of those lovely sunsets, which has ever been the pride of Memphians, who love to linger upon the sward on the bluffs of an evening to enjoy the grandeur of nature's panorama. Here one may see alternately extensive sheets of blue grass or garnished silver, according to views presented by the surging billows of the swift current, which is all the more beautiful in contrast with the green background of the forest beyond.

"What a lovely view. With such companions as I have, I feel as if I could remain here forever," said Kate enthusiastically. "What a pity the enchantment cannot last longer," said Hal, as the sun slowly sank behind the trees. "I am glad the

sun is gone, for I am inclined to dine," interrupted the jolly Colonel, emphasizing this remark by turning toward the dining-room; his companions following close behind, their arms tenderly entwined about each others waists, as was now their habit.

At the door the Colonel turned aside to exchange greetings with General Hurlbut; the girls being invited to join a crowd of young ladies who were enjoying a gay conversation with some jolly young officers who seemed to be as happy as if they had never heard of Forrest, though he had for some time been giving their superior officers trouble and vexation. They had tried, but in vain, to keep the daring rebel chief out of the State. General Hurlbut having been superceded by General Washburn because he could not achieve the victory.

The Colonel soon rejoined the company, his face somewhat flushed with excitement which caused the young people to look for some intimation as to the cause of his troubled expression. He at once relieved them by exclaiming, "What do you think now? Forrest's men have captured our garrison at Union City, and that, too, almost with-

out loss of blood or the smell of powder. What is more, there were only 320 rebels, who captured the whole post, with 300 horses and 475 prisoners, together with all our vast army stores, but that is not the most shameful part of the story, for the audacious Colonel Duckworth, who was then commanding the guerrilla regiment, himself presented his own peremptory order for the surrender of our garrison over the signature of 'N. B. Forrest, Major General, Commanding,' believing that the bare name of the 'Rebel beast' would frighten our men into surrendering—and it did—for Forrest was not within a hundred miles of the place. Now don't you think it has come to a nice pass, when the mere name of a rebel general will cause the surrender of a Union Army, almost double that of the captors?" "That we do," chimed in some half dozen of the young officers, who were always brave when inspired by the presence of ladies.

As usual, when there was fighting to be done, Kate thought her papa the man to do it, and therefore, with childish faith, innocently interrupted the conversation with, "Papa, why don't

General Washburn let you take your regiment and go and capture that impudent Forrest?" "That is easier said than done," the Colonel honestly replied, adding, "but General Sturges and General Grierson are now starting toward Tupelo and it is hoped that our people will be able to bag their game and bring the savage beast where we all can get a look at him, without fear of his guerrilla outlaws." To all of this Hal listened with apparent nonchalance, but with real interest, for this was news that must be communicated to Gen. Forrest without delay, and it was, too, with telling effect.

Dinner being over, the dining hall was cleared for the giddy dance, the accustomed evening amusement.

*CHAPTER XIII.*

As Hallie and Kate entered the ball room the latter was heard to remark, "Hallie, I don't intend to dance with anyone tonight but you and I mean to dance a lot, too, so you must not go and promise those conceited young officers all the waltzes, will you?" "No, I will not, for I assure you, Kate, that I would rather dance with you, than with any one of them," said Hal, proving his remark by gently placing his arm about Kate's waist, as the military band sounded the first notes of their favorite waltz. When the waltz was ended, Kate quickly led the way to the large gallery overlooking the river, saying, "Hallie, I don't know what is the matter with me this evening, for I just feel like I would rather die than dance with one of those boastful young officers. I know I am not ill, yet I just want to sit here with you and gaze out upon that mighty river. Doesn't it look like a perfect sea of silver? Yes, and the murmuring ripples seem

to speak of nothing but love, as they sparkle in the light of the moon." Hal, giving a gentle pressure of the tiny white hand which he held in his own, said: "Neither am I ill, but I assure you that I enjoy the seclusion of this romantic spot and the clasp of this delicate little hand just as much as you do Kate, and I only wish that the happiness of this hour could last forever, uninterrupted by the cruel fate of war, which now fiercely rages in this land of ours."

Kate looking earnestly, almost piteously into the soft blue eyes which were looking wistfully into her own, said in an imploring tone: "Hallie, how can you speak of our happiness being interrupted by war, or anything else, for has papa not promised he will adopt you, so that you and I can always be together? Yes, always, for I vow I will never leave you for anyone, for I feel happy with you by my side, and while I cannot explain my feelings, I know that I could not live without you. I do not know what the love of sweethearts is, because I have never loved a man, yet I feel that my love for you must be something like that of a

girl for her first sweetheart, for with you I feel that the whole world is beautiful, peaceful and full of blessed happiness."

Hal fully appreciated the depth of the attachment, yet dared not reply, lest he betray his sex and identity, and thus break the spell; he therefore answered by placing his arm about the girl's waist, drawing her head down upon his own shoulder, so that her soft cheek, as flushed with love, could rest gently, peacefully against his own burning face. Thus these two young people sat, the tide of love's new born current being undisturbed by aught save the murmuring ripple of the waters below, or the soft, mellow cadence of the music within, all of which seemed to echo and re-echo the strains of love, as Cupid's passionate waves silently, but swiftly, wafted the young lovers on down the stream that leads to the fathomless depths of true and undying affection.

At last the music ceased, and the lovers awoke to a realization of the fact that it was growing late. Then Hal aroused Kate from a bewitching spell and quietly, gently led the way to their

sleeping apartments. Upon entering the boudoir, Hal securely bolted the door behind him and then proceeded to disrobe by the dim light of the moon. While Kate meekly knelt beside the bed and folded her hands over her bosom, repeating the "Lord's prayer," as she had been taught to do by her sainted mother. The young people, being under the magic influences of love, were soon in a calm repose.



*CHAPTER XIV.*

Upon entering the dining-room for breakfast, Hal perceived at once that something unusual had happened, for General Hurlbut, Colonel Deboe and several other officers were seated at the table, engaged in an animated conversation, to which all were listening with rapt attention, and to which Hal was soon "all ears," for "Forrest" was the first word he heard, which, of course, riveted his attention, because he naturally expected to hear something likely to affect his mission. "It is simply shameful," General Hurlbut was saying. "What is shameful, what has happened?" asked Captain Gray, who was just then taking his seat opposite General Hurlbut. "Why, General Sturges met the rebel beast at what he calls Brice's Cross Roads, and instead of bagging his game, as we expected, he has suffered a most disastrous defeat, for the Rebs bore down upon our army so fiercely and so savagely, sending their deadly shot with such

steady effects, that our men, though they themselves fought like savages, were compelled to retreat, leaving more than 2,000 men and 200 wagons, together with 14 pieces of artillery, behind."

"Where is Brice's Cross Roads?" inquired the Captain. "It is a few miles southeast of Ripley, Mississippi, that is, some ninety or a hundred miles from here," replied the Colonel. "What is more, Forrest kept our men on a continuous run until they reached White's Station, right here under General Washburn's very nose, and they say our men marched two days and two nights, without stopping to eat or sleep." "How many men had General Sturges?" Colonel Starr eagerly enquired. "Oh! that is the shameful part of the record," replied the Colonel with emphasis. For they say the intrepid and daring Forrest had only three thousand men, with which he put our army, nearly three times the size of his, to flight, and then chased them more than a hundred miles, our men never making any decent show of resistance, after the main battle."

"How many men did you say General Sturges lost?" "He reports 2,240 men killed and miss-

ing," was the laconic reply. "How many guerrillas were lost in the fray?" asked the Captain with eager expectation. "I am ashamed to say," retorted the General, now losing his temper, at the very thought of Forrest's great victory; but perceiving that all were impatiently awaiting his answer, General Hurlbut, after a few moments, broke the silence with the simple statement, "493."

"Oh, what a contrast to General Sturges' loss," broke in several officers at once. "Yes, that is what we cannot understand," replied the General, adding, "I hear that General Washburn intends to have a court, or committee of competent officers investigate the case, to see where the fault lies, for General Washburne contends that with 8,000 well armed and disciplined soldiers, General Sturges should have captured the Rebel beast with his little band of guerrilla outlaws."

"That he should," chimed in some two or three of the company all now eagerly reaching for the morning papers, which just then appeared and which, of course, interrupted further discussion of the Mississippi raid. Breakfast over, Hal went

to his class, and Kate to her room, the Colonel going to General Washburne's headquarters, then located at the Greenlaw residence on Union street, where he hoped to hear further news of the disastrous defeat suffered by Sturges and Grierson at the hands of the daring Forrest.

The lessons of the day over, Hal eagerly sought his room, where he found Kate dressed for a boat ride, impatiently awaiting her room-mate's arrival, which was evidenced by her quick rush to the door upon hearing the first rustle of Hallie's skirts in the corridor without. "Oh, Hallie, Papa is going to take us for a boat ride, and I thought you would never come, so you must hurry and get ready, for Papa is waiting for us." The jubilant girl exclaimed, adding with a look of disgust overshadowing her lovely features, "Captain Hall wanted to go with us, but I just told him you would be too tired for company, so he is not going, because I don't want anyone but you and my dear Papa. Now don't you think I was just right, Hallie?" "That you were, my darling," Hal replied affectionately, kissing the cherry lips, now

every ready to receive those delicious salutations from "sister", as Kate persisted in calling Hal.

So the Colonel and his companions were soon upon the bosom of the Mississippi, swiftly drifting with the current towards "President Island," which divided the stream just opposite Fort Pickering, upon which General Washburne relied for protection of the post against the Confederate gun-boats, then the dread of the Federals.

"See, Papa, is that not an island just ahead of us?" inquired Kate with a look of surprise. "I think it is; shall we land and see what is on it?" replied the Colonel, evincing considerable astonishment at the wild beauty of the green mound in the very midst of the powerful stream. "Yes, by all means let us stop and enjoy the cool shade of the vine-clad trees for awhile," interposed Hal, now eager to learn whether Washburne had any artillery lying under cover of the dense shrubbery, upon the island. To Hal's suggestion the Colonel heartily assented, and was soon upon the land, saying, "Now, girls, I shall just rest here upon this friendly drift-wood, while you go and see whether the

island is infested with guerillas and other wild beasts, or inhabited by civilized people," signifying his desire to be left alone by lighting a fresh cigar. As might have been expected, the young lovers eagerly seized the opportunity to be alone in each other's company, and thus soon disappeared through the willow brush wood, which made an enchanting lover's net, for it shut out the curious gaze of gossip, as well as the burning rays of the summer sun, which was not needed for warmth, where the glow of the maiden love was already burning with the fervor of Vesuvius itself.

With Kate no seclusion was necessary, because she felt that she had a sister's right to fondle Hal lie when she pleased, only she did want to get away from the unwelcome attention of the "Boastful young officers," as she now called them. Hal, however, felt the anomalous relations and naturally shrank from the gaze of the public, just as he would had he been free from the mask, which was now the very bane of his existence. With these feelings directing his steps, Hal quickly sought a comfortable seat completely shut in by a perfect

net-work of grapevine, which joined the forest trees of that section into a mat of living trellis, making hundreds of natural bowers, as enchanting and romantic as any in the realms of fairy land.

Here, seated upon the trunk of a fallen cypress, beneath one of those verdant arbors, Hal played Rosalind to perfection, he turning his bruin's bower into a veritable dove cote, where he could have Kate all to himself, and where he could listen to the cooing of his darling, unmolested by the "boastful young officers" about the crowded hotel, or by the affectionate watchfulness of Kate's doting father.

After looking about at the wild beauty of the place for a moment, Kate warmly clasped her adopted sister in her slender arms, saying: "Now, Hallie, let our arms bind us together as firmly and as effectually as these vines bind the little oaks with their tendrils, into this lovely net, and let our love be as tender and as full as the luxuriant, verdant foliage of this pretty shrubbery, which seems to blush at every kiss of the sun's golden rays, as the great luminary sheds its light, giving life and

warmth to this beautiful vine, every twig of which seems to be as a link in the romantic chain that binds us together, as though we were twin sisters."

This spontaneous outburst of affection caused the boy-girl to involuntarily clasp the real girl to his breast in a loving embrace, such as a pair deeply in love can appreciate, which so thrilled the real girl that she turned her open, frank gaze full into the soft blue eyes of her companion, and catching the fire from the passionate expression in his moist eyes, now half obscured by the drooping lids, enthusiastically exclaimed: "OH! HALLIE, I DO WISH I WERE A MAN, for if I were, then I know I could win you for my wife, because I would just love you so much that you could not help loving me in return." With which the poor girl lapsed into a state of erratic melancholia, from which Hal did not try to arouse her, he being too deeply under the intoxicating influence of the intuitive love, innocently manifested by the affectionate girl, to observe the trend of her bewildered and wandering thoughts. On the other hand, the boy was himself so madly in love that he rather rev-

eled in the ecstatic trance into which the lovesick girl was rapidly being lured. Hal Claybrooke never dreamed that the girl he loved so madly was liable to have her mind affected by the intense passion, of which he was the cause as well as the object. Thus, under the magic charm of this mad love, they sat, both enjoying "love's young dream," until finally they fell asleep, oblivious of the Colonel, who was impatiently awaiting their return. At last the sun went down behind the famous "Crawley's Ridge," leaving the little isle wrapt in utter darkness. Meanwhile the erstwhile jolly Colonel had become almost furious at the prolonged rambling of the young people, but as time went by his anger gave way to uneasiness, which soon developed into an awful dread, lest some fearful accident had befallen his loved ones. He therefore tried shouting at the top of his manly voice, thinking Hal and Kate perhaps had lost their bearings and could not find their way back to the boat. Getting no reply he ventured to fire his navy six, disregarding the rules of the army, but this, too, failed to bring a response from the lost ones. He

therefore took the boat and hurried to Fort Pickering, where he expected to get some assistance—and he was not disappointed, for a searching party was quickly organized and was soon rapidly rowing to the island, some of the more knowing ones predicting that the helpless girls had met a cruel fate at the merciless paws of hungry bears, which were known to infest the island.

Meanwhile, the lovers were not even dreaming of the savage hugs of bruin, so much were they enjoying the more humane and affectionate embraces of a real true love. Pending the Colonel's absence, the moon boldly climbed up the horizon, and proudly cast her soft light full upon the isle, dispersing the darkness that had been for hours lulling the love laden eyes of Kate and Hal into a deep peaceful and joyful sleep, from which not even the lusty voice of the Colonel, nor the shrill report of his navy six could startle them. When the beams of the moonlight suddenly shot down through the interstices of the herbid canopy, it woke the lovers to the realization of the fact that night had crept upon them while they yet slumbered.

Hal was very much bewildered, displaying considerable anxiety, but strange to say, Kate appeared unconcerned and secure in the presence of her companion, instinctively relying upon Hallie for protection, as the child relies upon the father, or the wife upon the husband in hours of danger.

After some little difficulty, Hal succeeded in finding the drift-wood upon which they had left the Colonel, and one can scarcely imagine their astonishment at finding the boat gone; so it was now their time to become uneasy and restless, and, in truth, Hal was really very ill at ease, for it then dawned upon him that the Colonel had become anxious about his companions, and had returned to the city for assistance. Kate remained perfectly calm and fearless, in what she regarded the secure protection of her friend, though she could not understand this feeling of dependence upon one apparently no stronger than herself. Noticing that the Colonel had applied a match to the drift-wood, Hal concluded that he had left this as a kind of beacon light, to which he would quickly return, with a searching party. He therefore suggested

to Kate, in a reassuring tone, that they might just as well be seated and remain calm and patient for a few moments.

In this he was right, for in a little while they observed what at first appeared to be a tiny black speck upon the crest of the waves, now rendered exquisitely beautiful by the silvery rays of the full moon. The lovers sat quietly enjoying the magnificent scene spread out before them, the moonlight enabling them to determine fully that the black speck was rapidly growing larger, proving that it was swiftly approaching the spot where they anxiously sat awaiting help. Presently they could hear the rapid splashing of the oars, as they were being heroically plied by the approaching party, and as the sound grew more and more distinct, as the boat drew nearer, Kate turned to her companion, saying: "I believe that is Papa, but why is he coming so soon? I would rather remain here on this uninhabited isle with you forever than to return to the hotel and be bothered to death by the constant attention of those 'boastful young officers,' and if I were a man, I would take you, my

own sweet Hallie, and fly away from that crowded city, so that I could have you all to myself; but then I am only a girl, and suppose I will have to return with my Papa, but I tell you now, I am going to try to get him to let me return to our home in Cincinnati, and take you with me, for there we can enjoy the solitude of our lovely home upon Walnut Hill, away from the attentions of those conceited Captains and Lieutenants, who worry the very life out of me with their flattering nonsense."

What more erratic talk Kate would have here indulged in was then interrupted by the joyful exclamations of the Colonel, upon discovering the lost ones seated securely and safely upon the drift-wood which he had, with an anxious, throbbing heart, only recently left.

After a few moments of exultation, the reunited party were seated in the boat, headed for the city, which they reached in safety, but not until the night was well spent. On reaching the Gayoso, they found everything unusually calm, the usual ball having been dispensed with on account of the

anxiety caused by the incident just related. The searching party quietly dispersed, each going to his or her respective apartments, where all were soon enjoying a calm and peaceful slumber.

Hal awoke in the morning at the usual time, and quietly dressed himself, slipping out of the room, leaving Kate profoundly sleeping, she still being under the bewildering influences of her wild, erratic desire to become a man, so that she could woo, win and wed her companion; while Hal, on the other hand, was very much exercised, and, in fact, completely upset by the tidings which he then received through a fellow spy, from General Forrest, to the effect that the latter would, the following night, attempt to capture the officers in charge of the post, among them being General Hurlbut, quartered in the same house occupied by the Colonel and his daughter. It is needless to say that this news was intensely perplexing to Hal, for, notwithstanding the fact that he had been playing a part in the plot, he now keenly felt the deceptive role he had been taking in the social relations with the occupants of the Gayoso, and dreaded the re-

sults of the attack, which he knew the dashing Confederate cavalry would make upon the very people into whose hospitality and friendship he had, in a manner, surreptitiously crept. Notwithstanding his loyalty to the officer and the cause which he was there to serve, he determined to do all in his power to shield and protect Colonel Deboe and his charming daughter from the harmful effects of the inevitable. He therefore set about to devise some means whereby he could decoy the Colonel and Kate from the point of attack. With this idea in view, he persuaded Colonel Deboe and Kate to accompany him to the College, which is located in a beautiful grove in the eastern suburbs of the city, for the ostensible purpose of securing more commodious rooms for his class, his real object, however, being to induce the Colonel to remain over night at the College, which was then a sort of boarding house, and in this the sly youth succeeded well, if not wisely; for it was upon that night that General Forrest made his famous raid into Memphis, the modern Napoleon entering the city about daylight Sunday morning, August 21,

1864, it being the fortune of Dr. Neale's command to encounter a strong detachment of General Washburne's army, in the very grove centering about the College, and in that brave, fierce and deadly struggle, the gallant Neale captured a number of the Federals, among them being Colonel Deboe, who was too brave to remain in the safe retreat into which Hal had inveigled him, hoping thereby to shield him from the attack, which Hal himself had helped to bring about.

Fortunately for the jolly Colonel, when Forrest bivouaced the following night, he found himself carefully attended and looked after by a little dark-haired, beardless boy-soldier, who being the pet of the gallant Neale, appeared to be able to induce that officer to extend more courtesy and leniency to the Federal Colonel than is ordinarily shown prisoners even of his high rank.

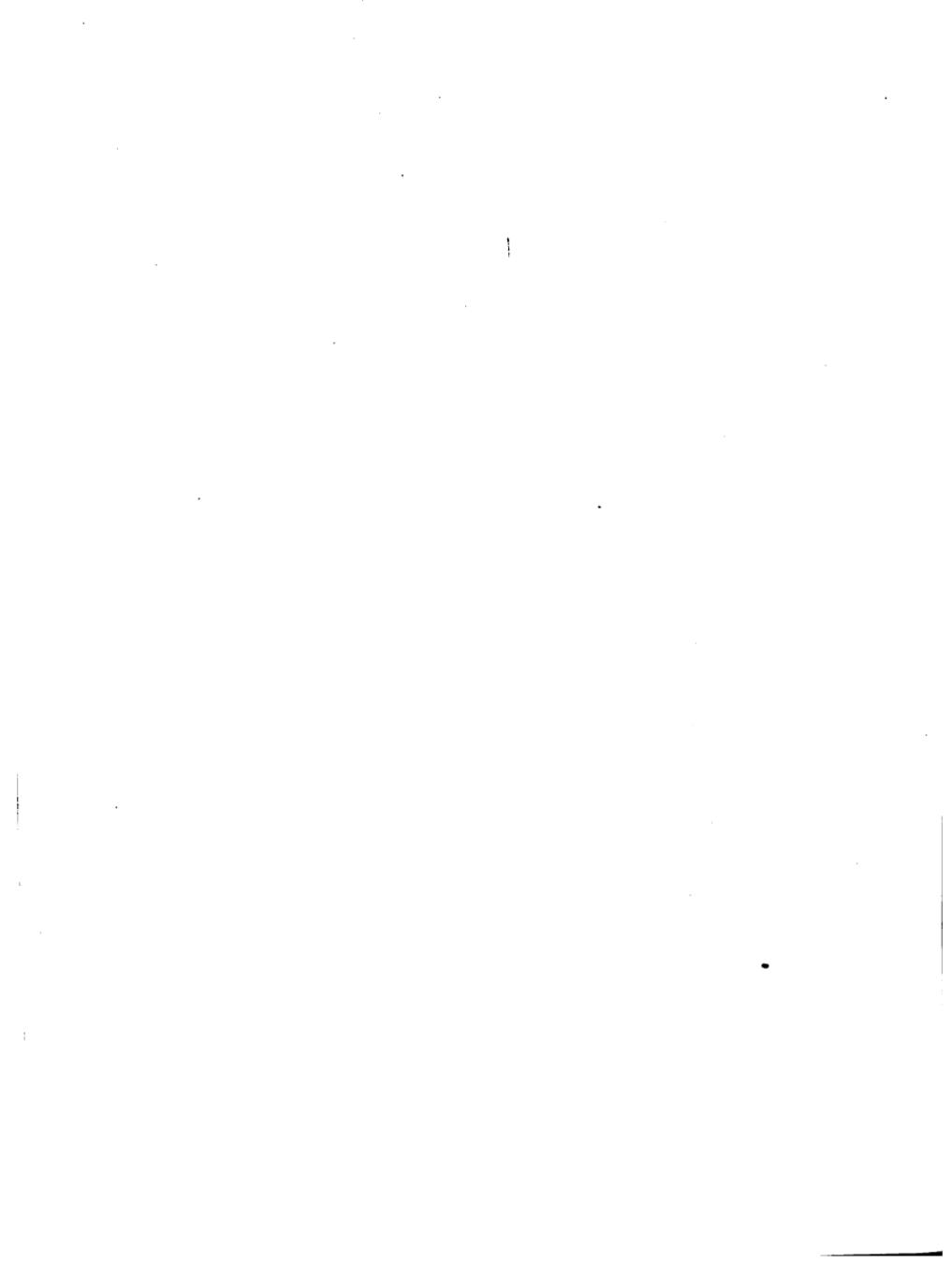
When the day dawned, and the smoke and fire of battle had cleared away, Kate not being able to find her roommate or father, quickly hastened her return to the Gayoso, expecting to find the Colonel at his headquarters, little dreaming that he was

then already on a double-quick march from the city, under the escort of a beardless guerrilla boy, in the command of the "Rebel Beast," as she was already used to hearing General Forrest designated.

Arriving at the Gayoso, the now helpless and deserted girl found everything about the fashionable hotel in confusion, and one might say in a torn-up state, for in the parlor, whose walls had until now been resounding with gaiety, wit and humor, was lying the prostrate form of Colonel Moon—cold in death, which he had met while boldly defending the garrison against the onslaught of the dashing Rebels, led by Captain Bill Forrest, brother of the famous cavalry officer, who dashed into the rotunda of the hotel, mounted upon his spirited charger, where Colonel Moon engaged in a personal hand-to-hand conflict with the Rebel Captain, who slew his brave antagonist with one deadly stroke of his keen edged sword. The dashing Rebel then, riding over the corpse of his fallen foe, to the apartments of General Hurlbut, who was the real object of the onslaught,



*Capt. Forrest rides into the Gayoso, in search of Gen. Hurlbut.*



whom Colonel Forrest would either have captured or slain in the struggle, as he did Colonel Moon, had not General Hurlbut been fortunate enough to have spent the night with Captain Eddy, at the latter's headquarters\*

While Captain Forrest was raiding the Gayoso in search of General Hurlbut, another detachment of Rebels, led by Alonso Greenlaw, boldly swooped down on the Greenlaw residence on Union street, then the headquarters of General Washburne, the commanding officer of the post, who eluded the clutches of the Rebels by escaping through a basement door of the house, the General running in his night clothes down the alley to Front Street, and thence down the river banks, a half mile or more, to Fort Pickering.

In the meantime another squad of Rebels charged down upon and surrounded the house occupied by General Buckland as his headquarters; but that noble officer being on the alert, and being notified by the vigilant Colonel Starr of the Rebels' presence, had quickly fled the house, and was try-

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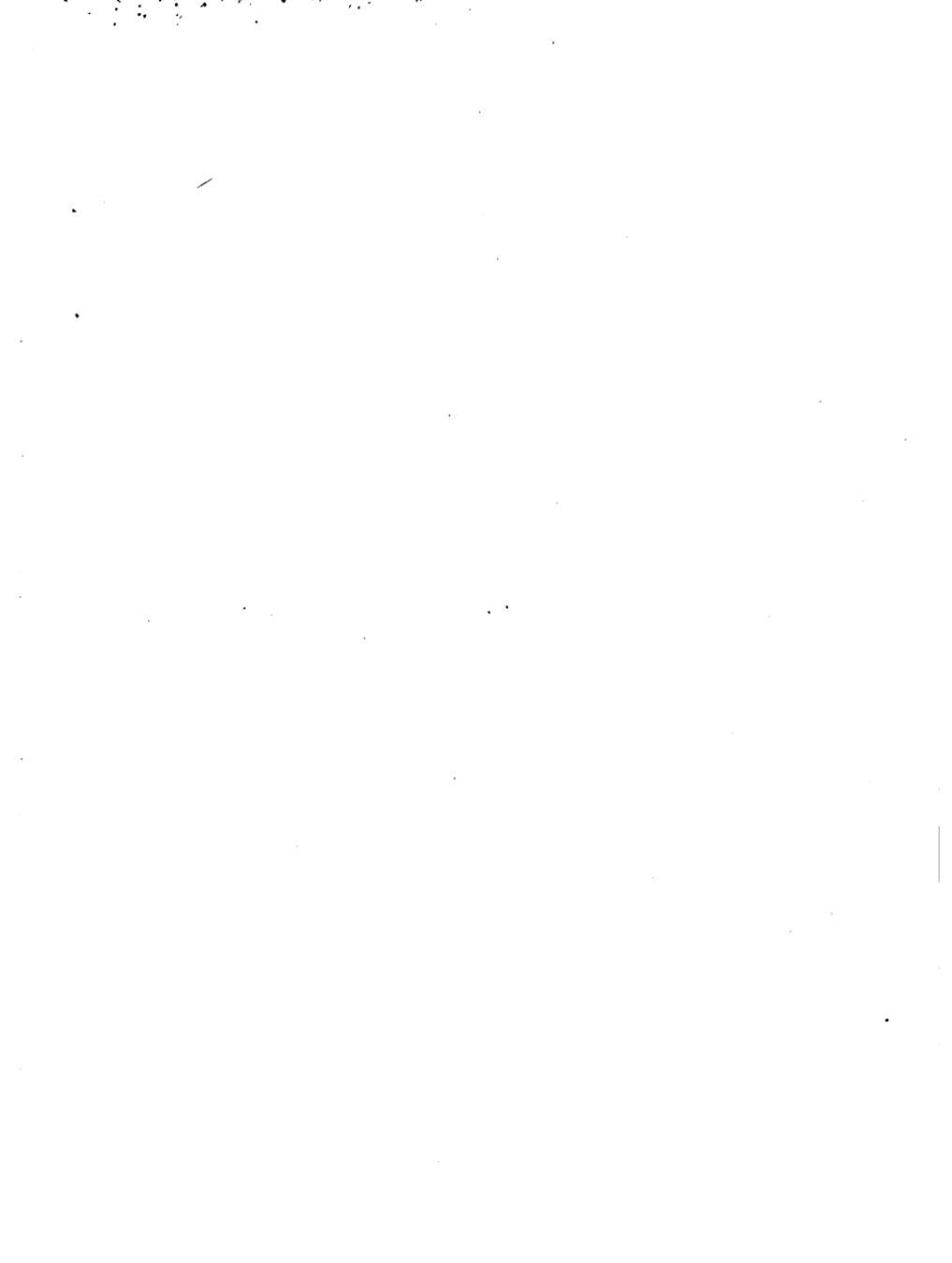
NOTE: Capt. Forrest rode into hotel, but killed no one.

ing to organize his men, so as to resist the bold charge of the enemy, and thus eluded the daring Rebels, another detachment of whom were at that moment trying to release the Confederate prisoners incarcerated in the famous Irving Block Prison, at which point the Rebel Chief personally led the attack, which was vigorous and aggressive, but which was repulsed by a strong force under the leadership of the gallant Colonel Starr, who met the brave Forrest in a personal hand-to-hand conflict.

Here Forrest inflicted a severe wound upon the gallant Starr with one mighty and well-aimed blow of his sabre. Notwithstanding the fierce charge of the Rebels, the cavalry was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, being closely followed by the brave blue-jackets under the leadership of General Buckland. Thus, while Forrest failed in the main object of his raid, it was not without partial success, for the dauntless General carried with him some four hundred Federal prisoners, together with more than three hundred horses, his loss being killed, wounded and missing, only thirty-five men,

Gen. Forrest in hand-to-hand conflict with Col. Starr, 6th Illinois, U. S. A.





while the Federals sustained a loss in killed, wounded and missing amounting to about four hundred men, to say nothing of the horses and ammunition captured by the raider, who failed in his efforts only by reason of the darkness, which was intensified by a dense fog hovering over the city at the time, while, as before stated, General Hurlbut's escape was altogether due to his accidental absence from headquarters.

This was perhaps one of the most daring adventures ever made by any army officer, for the city attacked was well guarded by some six thousand armed, stout-hearted soldiers, while Forrest boldly rode over the picket lines, and full into the city, with only about one thousand five hundred men, and but for the General's escape, Forrest would perhaps have gotten possession of the whole garrison.

## CHAPTER XV.

We can safely say that public worship on that Sabbath was not attended by many, if any, of the Federal soldiers then quartered at Memphis. Indeed, the Sunday dinner was almost forgotten, though General Hurlbut, perhaps more than any, enjoyed the noon-day meal, judging from his sarcastic comments on Forrest's escapade. While seated at the dinner table, he sententiously remarked, "There it goes again; they superseded me with Washburne, because I could not keep Forrest out of Tennessee, and now Washburne cannot keep him out of his bedroom."

What more caustic remarks the General would have here made may be imagined, but the thread of his conversation was cut short by the appearance of Katherine Deboe, who just then entered the dining-room alone. The kind General, noticing the careworn expression on the girl's hitherto

bright face, kindly invited her to be seated at his elbow, which invitation Kate accepted, thinking perhaps that the General could give her some information as to the whereabouts of her father, but in this she was sadly disappointed, for the General could not deny the fact that the gallant Colonel had been captured by Neale in his vigorous attack upon the Federals under Colonel Bell in the grove near the College, at which point the loyalists stoutly resisted and finally repulsed the "Gray-Jackets."

The capture of the Colonel was not all that troubled the lonely girl, for the disappearance of her room-mate greatly annoyed her. The kind-hearted General, not quite understanding the depth of Kate's attachment, boldly asserted that the music teacher was evidently a spy, sent by General Forrest for the purpose of supplying the Rebel Chief with information necessary to his well planned attack, which would have been successful but for the merest accidents. In which opinion every one coincided, and indeed Kate herself could not help admitting the plausibility of the thought.

Strange to say, while fully agreeing that Miss Clay had been acting the part of a spy for the Confederate Chief, no one for a moment suspected that the music teacher was a man in the guise of a woman, and while the officers roundly denounced the music teacher as a bold conspirator, deserving death itself at the hands of the officers, whose hospitality had been lavished upon her, Kate only became the more anxious about her absent companion and at once began to devise means by which she could again come up with the object of her love.

After a few days of deep thought, the erstwhile timid and dependent girl resolved to don the habiliments of a man, ostensibly for the purpose of seeking her father, but really for the sole purpose of searching for Hallie, believing that she could find her companion somewhere near the army of General Forrest. With this one thought domineering her actions, Katherine Deboe was soon fitted out with the costume of a farmer boy, roaming through the villages and towns contiguous to Memphis, in quest of the one she loved more than ever.

*CHAPTER XVI.*

The beardless boy who seemed to be the pet of Neale, in whose command the boy was known as the "Kid," soon prevailed upon the gallant old Confederate Colonel to release Colonel Deboe on parole. It is needless to say that Colonel Deboe at once made for the Gayoso, expecting to find his daughter sorrowfully and anxiously mourning the absence of her doting father. But, alas! When the loving father reached the hotel, he was surprised and grieved to find that not only his daughter's companion, but she as well, had vanished from the scene.

Upon diligent inquiry and thorough investigation, the irate father concluded that the woman whom he had willingly permitted to be the constant companion of his daughter was a Rebel spy, and incidentally the cause of his own capture, he believing, of course, that Miss Clay had only de-

coyed him to the College on the night of the attack for the express purpose of having him captured or killed by the enemy, not suspecting that the "Kid" in Neale's command, who had influenced his release, was one and the same music teacher of the Gayoso. Colonel Deboe did not connect Hal in any way with the disappearance of his daughter, presuming that the latter had naturally returned to her home in Cincinnati; the anxious parent therefore sought and obtained permission to visit his home, to assure himself that he was right in his conjecture. In this, however, the poor man was doomed to disappointment, for when he reached Cincinnati he was informed by friends left in charge of his handsome Walnut Hill residence, that nothing had been seen of Katherine. The unhappy father promptly returned to his post at Memphis, where he renewed the search for his lost daughter, enlisting the sympathy and assistance of all his fellow officers in the anxious pursuit.

Meanwhile Kate was eagerly roving the country, buoyant with the hope of finding the object of her love, whom she still believed to be the tender,

true-hearted and affectionate girl she at first appeared to be—now thinking she herself was the man, whose part she was acting. Strange to say, the longer this thought preyed upon her mind, the more intensely interested she became, brooding over the matter so much and acting the man so constantly and so effectually, that she actually began to believe herself a real man, calling herself Hal Deboe, and frequently performing menial labor, common to farm boys in that day and country.

In this way the poor, frail girl had to undergo many hardships, the heavy work she undertook being much more arduous than anything she had ever before experienced; nevertheless, she stoically performed the work she undertook, with willing hands and a brave heart, labor being made easier by the constant and fond hope that she might sooner or later be repaid for all the pain and suffering she was then enduring by the discovery of her loved one, whom she felt determined to woo, win and wed.

The poor girl, now believing that she was really the man she feigned to be, thought she could win

the heart of Hallie Clay under the disguise she had assumed, the mad girl never dreaming that the object of her mad love was a real man, and at that time with his old command, gallantly fighting for the cause of his country.

Thus things went through the Autumn and Winter of '64. Hal Deboe, or rather Kate Deboe, continuing her mad search for the music teacher in every town and village of West Tennessee, and North Mississippi, now oblivious of her real and gentle sex, so intent was she upon the erratic mission upon which her whole mind and heart were bent. Meanwhile, Colonel Deboe continued his search, though with forlorn hopes and with little faith in success.

*CHAPTER XVII.*

At Lagrange, one of the oldest towns in Tennessee, which was then occupied by a strong force of Federals, Dr. Steward, the division surgeon, was located. One cold, blustery night the Doctor heard a loud rapping upon the door, to which summons he reluctantly responded, dreading the call which he felt would doubtless take him out into the bitter cold of that unusually severe spell. The result proved his intuitive forebodings to be correct, for upon opening the door, he was met by a man whom he knew from his costume to be a farmer, and who anxiously inquired, "Is this Dr. Steward?" Being answered in the affirmative, the farmer brusky stated the object of his call, saying: "Doctor, there is, at my house, a beardless boy, a stranger in the neighborhood, and I fear he is dangerously ill, for he came to my house this morning, poorly clad and apparently suffering with a severe

cold, asking the privilege of warming himself by the fire, saying that he was in search of employment of some kind. My wife, observing the delicate and frail appearance of the lad, willingly extended the privilege the boy asked, although we could not give him employment.

“The little fellow, instead of getting better as he warmed up, suddenly became very ill, so that my wife could not turn him out into the cold, but put him to bed, and has been doing all she could for him during the day. He is now so sick and is raving so much that I just told my wife I would come and see if you would be kind enough to visit the stranger, though I tell you now, Doctor, I don’t think the boy has a dollar with which to pay you, but I do hope you will go and see the little fellow, anyhow, for he appears to be an honest lad, and I think deserves pity.”

“All right,” replied the Doctor, “I will be with you as soon as I can saddle my horse, though I dread the bitter cold of this terrible night.” A few moments later the farmer and the kind-hearted surgeon were going towards the former’s little

home as fast as their horses could travel over the frozen ground. The doctor was soon at the farmhouse, some two or three miles south of the city, where he found the lad raging with a fever and in a delirious condition, so that the practiced eye of the physician soon detected strong symptoms of pneumonia, for which he was already prepared, by the knowledge of the lad's exposure to the severe cold of that season. To make sure that his diagnosis was correct, the cautious doctor immediately made a careful examination of his patient, and was shocked beyond measure, to find that the patient, instead of being a boy, was a frail, delicate girl, which was more than he had bargained for. The mystery of the case naturally excited the doctor's curiosity, while it also elicited considerably more sympathy than he would have felt under other circumstances. He therefore went to work with the case, determined to do all that medical skill could do to bring the patient round, at the same time inwardly resolving to fathom the mysterious disguise of the patient, naturally conjecturing that the girl was a Rebel spy.

Whereupon he resolved to note every desultory remark that his patient might make during her moments of delirium, believing that in this way he could go to the bottom of the mystey surrounding the case. The vigilant surgeon soon gathered from the wandering remarks of the girl that her name was Hal Deboe, but beyond this he could get nothing that seemed to make sense, or that would in any way bring light upon his patient's identity.

He, however, then and there decided to communicate his discovery to the Federal authorities at Memphis, and thereupon wrote a full description of the girl, together with the name, which he understood to be Hal Deboe, to General Washburne, intimating with an air of importance that he believed the patient to be a Rebel spy, adding, however, that the health of the patient was such that if she were really a spy she could do nothing further in that line for the present, and probably not at all, though he would do all in his power to pull her through.

General Washburne read the surgeon's letter, and was about to throw it in the waste basket,

considering it of little importance, but upon second thought, he read it aloud to several of the inferior officers then loitering about his headquarters, among them being Colonel Deboe, who was at once struck with the name. Could it be Hallie Clay? But no, it could not be she, because the spy was rather a brunette, while the sick girl at Lagrange was a blonde, with golden hair and brown eyes. But why should this girl have on a man's attire, and why call herself Hal? Could it be possible that this was his own lost daughter? These thoughts quickly revolved through the fevered brain of the sad-hearted Colonel, who at once determined to investigate the case for himself, and thereupon informed General Washburne of his conclusion.

The General readily gave Deboe permission to go in person to satisfy himself on the subject. Hence the bereaved father was an anxious passenger upon the first train that headed for Lagrange, arriving at which place he went forthwith to the office of Dr. Steward, where he found that gentleman just ready to mount his horse, preparatory to

a visit to his mysterious patient; the cautious doctor having invited Dr. Gray to join him in treating the interesting case.

It is needless to state that the Colonel was soon mounted on a spirited bay, the pride of the Colonel then commanding the post, though it can hardly be said that he really had much faith in the expedition, going more out of his sense of duty, which impelled him to follow each and every clue that might possibly have any bearing upon his daughter's whereabouts. Hence, one can scarcely imagine the shock of the doting father upon beholding the careworn, flushed face of his daughter, who did not even recognize him.

The physician discovering the identity of their patient, and being apprised of her strange and mysterious disappearance, for which her father could not account, much less for the disguise which she had assumed, naturally became intensely interested in the delicate patient before them, they having already discovered the abnormal condition of the patient's mind for which they could not account, nor could they understand it, for they

could not see why the girl had assumed the role of a man, simply because she had been deceived by one of her own gentle sex. The physicians never dreamed that the delusion on the part of the music teacher had rather increased the love of Kate for her chum, whereas it should have caused her to loathe the very name and memory of the traitorous spy.

With these hypotheses, the doctors undertook to diagnose the case now under their care, but while they correctly judged and treated the symptoms of the body, they fell far short of the truth in their conclusions concerning the disease of the mind. While the symptoms of the frame quickly yielded to their skillful treatment, the mind remained in a wandering or delirious state, the malady baffling not only the skill of the attendant physicians, but that of the whole corps of surgeons then quartered in Lagrange, as well. Immediately upon the Colonel's arrival the patient had been removed to the residence of Dr. Steward, at the latter's urgent request and earnest desire.

The father remained with his afflicted child, tenderly and anxiously watching for a change in the symptoms, all the while hoping for an improvement in her mind. The proud father, however, grew more disappointed as each succeeding day failed to bring the desired mental improvement. The bodily ailments quickly yielded to the treatment usual in such cases, but left the girl raving about the absence of her sweetheart, indicating a decided mental aberration.

She was continually saying, in a half delirious way, "I know I will find Hallie when I get to Lagrange, and when I find her, I mean to marry her at once, because I just know she will love me when she finds that I am now a man instead of the girl she left me." From this the Colonel rightly concluded that his daughter had gone from Memphis in search of Miss Clay.

When the surgeons then in charge found they could do no more toward the restoration of the girl's mind, the watchful father, after due consultation with his physicians, decided to take his daughter back to Cincinnati, where all hoped the

change of scenery, environments, costume, etc., would soon result in a pronounced cure of the strange hallucination under which the poor girl was laboring. With this idea in view, the Colonel promptly laid the case before General Washburne, whose noble and generous nature prompted him to give the desired furlough, together with such passports as were necessary to enable the Colonel to pass through the various picket lines between La-grange and his home. The devoted parent, once at home, readily procured the best medical attention to be had in the city.

His friends and relatives most gladly supplied a most beautiful wardrobe for the girl, whom they had all known and loved from her youth up. The ladies of Walnut Hill united in an effort to break the spell, by gay, humorous and sympathetic conversations and womanly environments. In this way they were partially successful, for Kate soon became rational on all subjects save one. That is, she still clung to the idea that she was a man, and persisted all the while in calling herself Hal De-boe, ever claiming she had the dearest girl for a

sweetheart to be found in the South, vowing that she would return to her as soon as the war was over.

Kate being the only daughter of the warm-hearted Colonel, it was but natural that he should do all in his power to restore her mental faculties to a normal and healthy state; so he eagerly resorted to every ruse imaginable that seemed likely to divert the wandering thoughts of his daughter from what he considered to be an unnatural attachment. With the advice of his physicians, and the assistance of his friends and relatives, he was able, in a few weeks, to note a change for the better, his daughter being so much improved as to cease her mad clamor for male attire; in fact, she began to show less aversion to her own sex, and more respect for the young men into whose company the Colonel frequently managed to have his daughter thrown, without letting her suspect the object and purpose of the associations. For awhile the company of gentlemen seemed to have the desired effect, Kate again becoming gay, humorous and witty, as she was before she met the music teacher at the Gayoso.

In the early Spring of '65, the Colonel concluded that his daughter was permanently relieved of the monomania which had given him so much pain and anxiety. Indeed, he was now so well satisfied that the hallucination, or whatever else one might call the strange infatuation of this girl, for one of her own sex, had gone, that he determined, after due consultation with his physicians, to return to his regiment, which was still at Memphis, and so was on the eve of boarding a steamer bound for Memphis, when he received the welcome news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, which, of course, rendered his trip unnecessary.

As might have been expected, that was a glad hour, not only for the Colonel, but for every citizen of the North, the Union victory being celebrated in every town and city. One of the Colonel's neighbors, who was too old for service in the war, immediately announced a grand reception and ball, by way of celebrating the long looked for event, and the Colonel being again in his jolly mood, now quite happy over the recovery of his daughter, persuaded her to go to the reception, though as a mat-

ter of fact, the persuasion was unnecessary, for the happy girl appeared as anxious for the festivities of the occasion as the jolly Colonel himself, going so far as to make an engagement with one of her former beaux to accompany him to the party, insisting upon her father going with a bright widow, to whom he had been paying attentions for several months prior to his enlistment in the army.

It was no wonder, then, that the Colonel felt young again, and ready for jollification. Indeed, the sentiment of his own warm nature prompted him to call for the widow at the earliest hour permitted by good etiquette, leaving his daughter making her own toilet, so as to be ready for escort.

When the Colonel kissed Kate good-bye, she assured him that she was then going to her room to dress, telling him that she would be on hand at a certain hour. The proud father said to his daughter upon his departure, "I will be there watching for your beautiful figure, for I know you will be the handsomest girl at the party," the father justly believing every word he spoke, for Katherine Deboe was indeed a handsome woman.

Notwithstanding the dashing widower's happiness at being with the charming widow, he looked eagerly for the appearance of his own idolized daughter.

Imagine then the shocking and half pitiful expression that overspread the countenance of the father when Kate strode into the parlors gayly attired in the costume of a man, she having been seized by a fit of her former mania at the moment she began to prepare her toilette, causing her to forget her sex and making her to again imagine herself a man. It is needless to say that the face, a moment ago beaming with joy, now became flushed with shame at the shocking and unwomanly attire and manners of his daughter, who was by nature modest and womanly in every fibre of her highly strung and aristocratic nature. Kate, instead of going to the ladies' dressing room, boldly strode into the gentlemen's cloak room, from which she emerged a moment later, and walked straight up to her father, exclaiming in a light-hearted, frolicsome way, "Father, are you having a good time with the girls? As for me, I expect to have a jolly

time to-night, for I just know Hallie will be here soon," adding, "in the meantime, I will go and take a promenade with Miss Carter, who looks charming to-night;" with which the poor girl was gone before her father was sufficiently recovered from the shock to interpose an objection.

Her poor father buried his face in his hands, weeping like a child, the widow having slipped away upon noticing the erratic manners of her escort's only daughter. While every one in the room was deeply, silently sympathizing with the dejected father, his daughter was madly trying to get up a conversation with a bevy of bewildered girls in another part of the house.

The girls were quite dumfounded at Kate's conduct, though they were unable, or possibly unwilling, to thwart the girl-boy, by showing that they did not believe she was a man, whose part she was vainly trying to act; but Kate, with a self-confident air, boldly offered her arm, saying, "Miss Carter, will you promenade with me?" The latter stammeringly replied, "I fear that it is too cold this evening to go out on the balcony." Whereupon

Kate replied, "All right; I don't care whether you go or not, for Miss Clay will be here presently, and I know she will go with me, and what is more, you girls will all envy the Southern girl her pretty, rosy complexion and loving blue eyes." Then turning upon her heel she proudly walked away with a defiant air, not in the least disconcerted by the slight which she had received. Chancing to meet the widow in the hall, the half-dazed girl again extended her arm, saying, "You look charming this evening; I know the old man must be proud of you. I think it will be jolly to have you for a mother; don't you think you will be proud of a handsome son like me?" But before Mrs. Carlton could rally sufficiently to reply the weeping father appeared and endeavored to interest the half-crazed girl in another direction.

By this time the natural dependence of the girl had fled, giving place to a more manly spirit, causing Kate to tap her father on the shoulder, remarking as she did so, "Father, I have just been telling Mrs. Carlton how charming she looks this evening, and how proud I will be to call her

mother. Now, won't you be just as glad to welcome Hallie in the house as your daughter, and won't we be two jolly couples?"

This was more than the widow could stand; so she forcibly wrenched her arm from the manly grasp of the girl and fled the house, leaving her escort more confused than ever. It now dawned upon him that his daughter had become incorrigible, she for once being entirely unyielding to such coaxings as had heretofore temporarily quieted the waywardness, superinduced by the monomania which periodically returned to worry and vex the loving attendants of the charming girl—for she was really charming, except during these moments, when she imagined herself a man, madly in love with the Memphis music teacher, whom she constantly expected to appear any moment. She even went so far as to write several letters to Hallie Clay, addressed Memphis, all of which her father had made her believe were duly posted.

As before stated, these fits of mania or mental derangement only returned periodically, the patient appearing perfectly rational on all subjects

during the interim. Strange to say, Kate never mentioned the name of the music teacher during her lucid moments, but, on the contrary, was as happy and as fond of attentions from her gentlemen friends, as affectionate, warm-hearted and enthusiastic girls of her age usually are. She had considerable company, too, prior to the incident just related, her father and attendants having scrupulously concealed the condition of the girl's mental faculties; many of their neighbors not even having an inkling of the trouble, which accounted for the great astonishment manifested by the guests at the reception, and more particularly the young men who had been paying the young heiress their respects, and lavishing their well-meant and deserved compliments upon her many graces and charms.

On this occasion the young gentlemen escaped the perplexities which the young ladies were unwillingly drawn into, for Kate, instead of timidly and modestly maintaining the reserve which was natural and so easy with her, now twitted and flattered the young ladies, as a masculine, heartless

flirt would ; for after the first shock was over, the young ladies perceiving the harmlessness of the would-be man, gently and good-naturedly humored the poor girl in the erroneous idea under which she was laboring.

Indeed, Miss Blackwell was so generous and so considerate of the Colonel's feelings as to accept the proffered arm of the girl-boy, going for a promenade among the flowers and beautiful shrubbery, for which the hill tops of Cincinnati have been noted. The young people coming upon a rustic seat in a secluded bower of the magnificent lawn, now in the height of beauty, under the balmy atmosphere of the early Spring, quietly sat down for a tete-a-tete, when Kate handed her newly made acquaintance, the poor girl not realizing she was talking to an old chum, a card, upon which was written in a bold masculine hand, "Hal Deboe," at the same time saying, "Miss Blackwell, I am delighted at having met you, and if it will be agreeable to you, I would like to see you home." To which her noble hearted companion sweetly replied, "All right, Mr. Deboe, I

shall be pleased to have your company, and shall also be happy to have you call as often as you like." Adding, "I presume you live in the City; do you not, Mr. Deboe?" "Oh yes, I thought you knew I was the only son of Colonel Deboe. I presume every one in this City is familiar with his name." "Yes, I know your father," replied the girl, "but how is it I have never met you, since we both live in the same neighborhood?"

The question seemed to perplex the poor girl more than anything that had come up during the evening, so much so, that she lapsed into a half-dazed reverie, becoming, as it were, oblivious to everything that happened during the evening. Her nervous companion perceiving the strange turn in the girl's thoughts, at once conceived the idea of pretending to go to her own home, saying to Kate: "Mr. Deboe, I am not feeling well, and feel that I must go home at once, if you will be so kind as to see me to the gate." To which Kate replied, "Of course I will see you home, Miss Blackwell, with great pleasure," indicating her intentions of carrying out her word by offering her com-

panion her arm, as a man would do, which Miss Blackwell accepted, and ostensibly started to her father's house, but really went straight to Colonel Deboe's residence. Miss Blackwell knew that the Colonel's vigilant eye was all the while upon his bewildered daughter, and thus felt perfectly safe with the boy-girl as her escort, who kept up a frivolous conversation, flattering her companion, as a real man would have done under similar circumstances. When in the lawn of her father's own residence, the Colonel placed his arms about the waist of his daughter, saying, "Come now, Kate, we are at home, and you must go and get some rest, so as to be able to go to the boat early in the morning to meet Hallie," with which the girl again became docile, willingly going to her apartment. Once there, she suddenly became perfectly oblivious to all that had transpired during the few short hours of her erratic actions at the reception. This was, of course, a very great relief to the father who, however, never once asked himself, "How will the widow get home?" so glad was he that the trying moments of that eventful night were at last ended.

*CHAPTER XVIII.*

The brave and tender-hearted Colonel Deboe sat for hours bemoaning the half-demented condition of the fair young creature in the adjoining room, whose bright young life now seemed to be forever blighted. This caused the father to ask himself if he had kept the solemn promise made to the lovely girl's sainted mother, when she lay upon her dying couch, gently holding his hand in one of her own, while with the other she gently and lovingly placed the delicate white hand of her only child in that of her father, who then solemnly promised the dying woman to shield, guard and protect her lovely image, whom she was now doomed to leave in his hands.

While the bereaved father was thus grieving, lest he had broken his solemn vow, in that he allowed himself to be duped into permitting the unscrupulous Rebel Spy to poison and ruin the young life, which he had covenanted to protect,

the person whom he censured more than any one else, for the sad and deplorable condition of his daughter's mind, was himself happily and joyfully traversing the plains between Gainsville, Alabama, where he was paroled, and Hallettsville, the scene of his boyhood days. The boy, now no longer the "Kid," as he was formerly called, spanning this distance in an unusually short time, his heart being thrilled with the happy expectation of reaching home, so that he could then peacefully begin an honorable and manly warfare, the goal being the pure, innocent heart of the fair Katherine, whose description the youth beautifully gives in the lines written by the ardent young lover, while he was yet beclouded with the disguise, which had been and was still the regret of his life, notwithstanding the fact that it had served as a means of bringing the fair young creature into his life.

He now realized that while Kate loved him when she believed him to be a girl, and that too as a girl loves her sweetheart, it was altogether doubtful whether she would have the same ardent, sincere love for him as a man, and furthermore, the

question of how to go about the disclosure was indeed perplexing, knowing that should he reveal his identity, the deceptive role which he had assumed, and the anomalous relations into which Kate Deboe had been enveigled, might cause prejudice upon the part of the father, if not of the daughter, that would be hard, if not impossible to overcome.

He knew too the prejudice would naturally be augmented and intensified by the sectional feelings on the part of the gallant Union soldier against one of the other side, though he said to himself, "I did not covet the unusual relations that for a time existed between the real girl and myself, and moreover, I could prove to the Colonel that I not only tried to prevent his capture, but influenced his release after he was captured."

However, Hal inwardly resolved to reveal his identity and to use the attachment that had sprung up between himself as a music teacher and Kate Deboe as an argument in favor of his suit, that is in the event he could not win the heart and hand of the girl, in his true guise.

With these thoughts to buoy the gallant young man, he was soon at the old homestead, which, however, he found in a dilapidated condition, the old house itself having been razed to the ground on that memorable night, from which dated the boy's first sorrow. Upon finding the old place in wreck and ruin, and to him doubly desolate, because of the absence of father and mother and the old servants, whom the boy so dearly loved in youth, it did not take Hal Claybrooke long to decide that he would immediately sell the old place, the youthful joys of which were buried in the graves along with the once happy owners of the prosperous home.

The old homestead being converted into cash by the lonely heir of the plantation, which was formerly the pride of the valley, and the sad heart of the boy being quickened by the anxious hopes of winning a lovely bride, he now directed his steps toward Memphis, the field upon which he had so nobly fought and won the battle between the animal and moral instincts of his manly nature. Hal hoped to find some friend, or acquaintance, still

lingering upon the field of the vanquished gray jackets, from whom he could perhaps get some clue as to the present whereabouts of the bright young creature, now the goal of his highest ambition.

In these felicitous thoughts he was not to be disappointed; for he easily found one of the company, who willingly gave him the address of the Colonel and his charming daughter. The anxious boy, however, true to the instincts of the Southern gentleman, thought best to ascertain something more of the family history before making further attempts at winning the coveted prize. Hal therefore went to a prominent lawyer then living in Memphis who had before the war, been the counsellor of his father at Hallettsville. This cautious man of law, true to his profession, advised his client to let him investigate the matter. The youth assented, whereupon the lawyer wrote to his correspondent in Cincinnati for the desired information, leaving out all sentiment in the inquiry.

In the course of time the lawyer received a letter, tersely stating: "There is a man here by

the name of John W. Deboe, who was Colonel in an Ohio Regiment, U. S. A. He is a man of good moral character, stands high in the community, and is reported to be worth considerable money. His immediate family consists of himself and daughter, the latter being about twenty years of age, who was until recently a very charming woman, though she is now hopelessly insane. Yours truly, Thos. Collier."

When the Bluff City lawyer received the foregoing letter Hal Claybrooke happened to be in his office, where he had gone every morning for a week, eagerly awaiting a reply to the inquiry made through the lawyer. The barrister slowly read the letter, not observing the nervous twitching of the boy's fingers, now fairly itching for the missive; the young man having seen from the superscription on the envelope that it was from the Queen City, naturally inclining him to believe that it contained tidings for which he was so anxiously and nervously waiting.

When the lawyer calmly and coldly turned his piercing eyes full upon his client, saying in a kind

of "I told you so" tone, "You see I was right in advising you to learn something of Miss Deboe's family before proceeding further, for I have not only saved you the expense of a trip to Cincinnati, but the humiliation which a call would have unquestionably entailed upon you." Handing Hal the letter, saying in what Hal thought a heartless way, "You see your sweetheart is hopelessly insane," with which the unsentimental lawyer proceeded to go through his ponderous mail, thus giving the poor love-sick boy an opportunity to read for himself the death warrant of his buoyant hopes, while the briny tears trickled down his manly cheeks.

Notwithstanding the fact that the young soldier had been inured to the hardships of war, where one naturally learns to look upon human misfortune, and even death itself, in a half-callous way, this gallant and stout hearted young man could not suppress the emotions of his young heart, though he did by a superhuman effort conceal his grief from the unsympathizing man of law. The disappointed lover dared not attempt to speak,

but quietly slipped away, unobserved by the attorney, whose thoughts were then occupied by the legal documents before him.

When alone in his room at the Gayoso, Hal Claybrooke threw himself upon the bed, face downward, giving vent to the pent-up grief within his manly bosom. What is a more desolate feeling than that of an ardent lover over the loss of his true love? This poor boy now felt that Kate Deboe, his first and only love, was now forever lost to him; a loss that meant living death. What is more deplorable or heartrending than to have one's companion incarcerated in an insane asylum? Indeed, the very thought of Katherine being in a lunatic's cell made Hal Claybrooke's blood freeze within his veins, for he could already see in his imagination the fair young creature whom he had learned to love with all his intense nature, confined within the dreary walls of an insane prison. Thus the dejected boy lay for hours, bewailing his fate and future, undecided as to where he would go, or what he would do, until he chanced to hear the clock tolling the hour of six, which reminded

him that the dinner hour had arrived; whereupon Hal slowly ambled into the dining-room, the same room in which he had spent so many happy hours with the once happy woman, whose sad lot he was now bemoaning.

While seated at the table waiting for his meal, Hal Claybrooke's eye happened to fall upon the evening paper lying beside his plate. The first thing that caught his attention was the glowing head lines—"CHEAP STEAMBOAT EXCURSION TO TEXAS." Hal immediately decided to go West, far away from the scenes of his boyhood, which had so strangely been mingled with sorrow and pleasure. Imagine, therefore, the astonishment of Judge Waters (Hal's attorney) upon finding in his mail the following morning, a postal card, with only one brief line reading thus—"I start for Texas on the excursion leaving Memphis to-night. Hal Claybrooke."

A few weeks later found Hal Claybrooke at Jefferson, then the liveliest town in all Northern Texas, there being no railroad west of that place at that date. The first day in Jefferson Hal spent

in looking about the city for an opening for business. He was about to accept a partnership in a general supply store, when he chanced to fall in with a cattle man, who was trying to organize an outfit for herding cattle on the Western plains of the State. This struck the restless boy as being a kind of wild life, in keeping with his own unsettled and roving thoughts. He therefore offered his services to the herdsman.

Hal at once procured a sombrero, high heeled boots, a great, heavy hair-covered saddle, a broncho pony and a pair of sixshooters, these being the necessary accoutrements of the full-fledged "cowboy." A few days later, Hal pulled up on the famous Red River ranch, just beyond the spot where the city of Gainesville now proudly dispenses her merchandise and wares to a territory then supplied by Jefferson. Once upon the ranch, Hal Claybrooke readily found all the wild, dangerous employment for which his wreckless temperament could wish. There on the wild prairie, a hundred miles from any town or station and in dangerous proximity to the uncivilized Indians on

the opposite side of the river, the tried soldier found dangers rife. Indeed Hal was soon given to understand that the red savage was likely to fall upon the ranch on any dark night without any warning save the shrill warwhoop which is even more dreadful than the bugle charge of a civilized warrior.

There for the first time Hal Claybrooke realized what danger was, for the Indians had not only the wolfish instincts of the Tories, but also the sneaking courage of the panther, and being expert in the use of fire arms as well as dexterous in handling the savage tomahawk or cruel scalping knife, they were indeed a foe to be dreaded.

Hal never swerved for a moment, nor did he even wish that he had remained east of the Mississippi. What was life to him now? Indeed he said to himself, "Why do I care to live, now that father and mother are dead, the old homestead gone, and my darling sweetheart worse than dead?"

These thoughts gave the boy a sort of "dare devil" spirit, notwithstanding the gentler instincts,

which were his by inheritance. The gentleman cowboy soon found himself equally at home, whether mounted upon his broncho, rounding up Texas longhorns, or fighting the red men, who stoutly resisted the encroachment of the cowboy upon their favorite hunting ground, for they already saw the buffalo and the deer vanishing before the ox and the lamb. Thus Hal lived, away from civilization, beyond the reach of the press, excepting when one of the party would go for supplies, bringing the last issue of such papers as were then published in the frontier State, together with such mail as might have come for the ranch since the previous trip. In this way Hal in a measure soon became reconciled to the new life he was so recklessly living, though he ever remained true to his first love, never for a moment forgeting the face and features that he had learned to love while he was playing the part of a music teacher in the Bluff City. It cannot be said, however, that he cherished any hopes of seeing that sweet face again.

In this way the year was soon gone, at the end of which time Hal Claybrooke purchased an

interest in the ranch with the proceeds of "Deer Run" which he had clung to, as one would a parting gift of a loved one. Strange to say, the longer Hal Claybrooke remained upon the wild prairie, the more tenderly did he love and cherish the memory of Katherine Deboe. When lying awake nights, looking at the myriads of stars in the blue vault above, he was all the while thinking of the happy moments spent at the Gayoso. Thus, with mother earth for a bed, the sky for a covering and the verdant grass and perfumed flowers for ornaments, can it be wondered that Hal Claybrooke continued to nurture the deep-rooted love for the afflicted girl, for whose recovery he had an instinctive hope, which, however, his reason told him it was useless to cultivate?

With this longing hope on one side and reason on the other, the despondent lover became happy in his own despondency, always enjoying the reveries of the past, which were ever intermingled with some faint hope of the future. In this way Hal passed the time, half hoping to see Kate again, but being restrained from making an effort to see

her by the fearful dread of finding her still insane.

Hal's cattle interest grew rapidly, both in numbers and value, so that before he hardly knew it, he found himself half owner of one of the most valuable ranches in Texas, where cattlemen spoke of "buying a few thousand yearlings or steers" as one in the Old States would speak of purchasing a milch cow.



*CHAPTER XIX.*

Colonel Deboe, intent upon doing all in his power to restore his daughter's mind to its normal state, converted all his property, including his handsome Walnut Hill residence, into cash, and repaired to New York, where he could get the benefit of the best medical skill and attention to be had. Here he remained for some years, following the advice of his physicians, who could do nothing more than prescribe frequent changes of scenery, association, etc.

Katherine's condition remained unchanged, the fits of monomania recurring periodically; the poor girl always being perfectly rational during the intervening periods, when she was entirely forgetful of what transpired during the fit of mania. In fact, during her most violent attacks she appeared sane on all subjects and in all particulars save that she still clung to the idea that she was

a man, and that her name was Hal Deboe, and that she had a sweetheart named Hallie Clay. Why this hallucination was periodical in its effects medical science could not understand, though all concurred in the opinion that the mental aberration was the direct result of the illness through which their patient had passed while at Lagrange, and several physicians expressed the hope of a permanent recovery, which, however, did not come.

The Colonel finding his bank account growing gradually smaller, with no indications of an improvement in his daughter's condition, concluded that it behooved him to recuperate his financial reserve. He therefore started out to find a field for some kind of enterprise promising the desired remuneration. Having been favorably impressed with the natural advantages of Memphis during his stay there, he proceeded to that point first, and was not long in determining upon an investment, which proved more profitable than he had dared to hope.

The soldier's financial success, however, was not a pleasure unalloyed, for the daughter, once the

pride of the father's heart, was now a source of deepest pain and sorrow. The monomania continued to recur at intervals; baffling the skill of the greatest specialists of the medical profession. In the meantime, an asylum for the insane had been founded upon the spot formerly occupied by "Deer Run" plantation, described in the first pages of this book.

Strange to say, the same Dr. Neale who attended the Claybrookes, was made superintendent of the institution. The man, so gallant and brave in war, now quickly became expert in treating insanity. As Colonel Deboe naturally had a very great respect for the brave man who had so gallantly met him in deadly combat, but who had generously released him, after making him prisoner, it was not strange that he should consign his daughter to his skillful treatment. The usual serenity of Dr. Neale, who was always calm and sedate, whether in war or in the sick-room, was greatly disturbed by the first bad symptoms of mania in the patient, whom he had taken into his own family, out of respect for her noble father,

and in consideration of her own gentle nature, unusual modesty and harmless insanity. The first intimation Dr. Neale had of the returning hallucination was when the poor girl suddenly exclaimed, "I must lay aside this dress and put on my vest, coat and trousers, so that I can go to the station and meet Hallie Clay." This caused the sagacious expert to open his eyes with astonishment, for he had not been apprised of the fact that Hal Claybrooke was in any way the cause of the malady which he had undertaken to treat, but after a moment's deep thought said to himself, "I have it; this girl fell in love with Hal Claybrooke while he was disguised as a woman, so if I can only find the wandering boy and bring him here, where the poor girl can see him, or hear his voice, I am sure I can effect a cure, and not only that, but probably make two young people happy." With which the old physician immediately sent several letters in quest of his former bugler, fully persuaded in his own mind that Hal Claybrooke was the only remedy indicated by the symptoms of his patient, and after the lapse of a few days, the doctor received

a telegram dated Fort Worth, Texas, reading, "Answering letter, I will arrive at Hallettsville on next Thursday. (Signed) Hal Claybrooke." Whereupon Dr. Neale telegraphed Colonel Deboe to come immediately, to which summons the Colonel responded with an anxious, aching heart, expecting to hear some disagreeable report concerning his daughter's mental affliction.

Upon alighting from the cars at the station, Colonel Deboe was met by Dr. Neale, who had gone in person for the visitor, to whom he wished to explain the discovery he had made, and of which he was fully satisfied Colonel Deboe was still ignorant. The doctor began unravelling the history, by asking a few leading questions of the Colonel, by way of preparing him for the experiment he had resolved to make in the treatment of the latter's half-demented daughter. His first question was rather a surprising one to Colonel Deboe, for it was concerning a very delicate matter.

"Colonel Deboe, have you ever suspected that the music teacher who roomed with your daughter

at the Gayoso just prior to Forrest's raid was a man in the guise of a woman?" "No, of course, I have never thought of such a preposterous thing," replied the Colonel, much offended at the bare suggestion that he had been duped into allowing a man to room with his daughter, but the serenity of the physician remained undisturbed, and he plied one question after another. Unheeding the half-angry tone of the replies, the doctor asked, "What was the name assumed by the music teacher?" "Hallie Clay, and I know the music teacher was a woman, because her features were not those of a man," replied the Colonel. "But," interposed the Doctor, "I happen to know that Hal Claybrooke, who enlisted in a company that I myself organized, upon the very grounds now occupied by the asylum, was one and the same Hallie Clay who played the role of a female music teacher in the Gayoso Hotel, for several weeks prior to Forrest's attack upon that City. Judging from the fact that your daughter persists in believing that Hallie Clay will one day come back to her, and from what Hal Claybrooke

has told me concerning his sojourn at the Gayoso, I am almost positive that you will find the music teacher to be Hal Claybrooke, whose father formerly owned 'Deer Run' plantation, upon which the asylum is located, and I believe that if we can arrange for your daughter to hear the voice of Hal Claybrooke without seeing his face, which is now doubtless covered with a full beard, she will probably recognize the voice as that of Hallie Clay, of whom she raves so much. Then I think all we will have to do will be to convince your daughter that the voice is that of a real man, and not that of a girl, as she believes Hallie Clay to be, and in this way, I think, I can bring about your daughter's permanent cure, for she seems to have but the one hallucination, which is, that the person whom she learned to love so well, as a female music teacher, was a girl, while I assume that her love, or strange infatuation for the girl-boy, was the result of intuitive affinity, which being stronger than reason or the environment of disguise, naturally engendered a love, which, though it appeared to be abnormal

in the intensity and nature of the passion, was in reality a true sexual love." The doctor continuing said, "I have so much faith in this diagnosis of your daughter's case that I have asked Hal Claybrooke to come here at once, and have a message from him saying that he will be here Thursday evening." To all this the Colonel listened with a sort of bewildered, curious interest, never having dreamed that the music teacher could be a man, and now hardly preferred to believe it to be true, notwithstanding the doctor's positive assertion that it was really a fact.

After a few moments of silent reflection, the Colonel saw a ray of hope and therefore entered into the spirit of the experiment, anxious to learn just how the doctor proposed to conduct it. "Doctor, how will you arrange to allow my daughter to hear the voice of this young Claybrooke without seeing him?" "That is easy," replied the doctor, "I have already arranged some mirrors in the walls and doors, where Kate will be, so that I can engage Hal in a conversation in the adjoining room, without letting either know of the other's

presence, though I can see Kate's face by means of the mirrors, and thus be able to observe any change that may occur in her mind, by the expression of her eyes, as she hears the sound of the voice once so dear to her, and which doubtless poured tales of love into her young innocent ears, that resulted in the strange infatuation, which has evidently been the cause of her sad mental derangement."

"But," rejoined the Colonel, "suppose my daughter does recognize the voice as that of the music teacher, and suppose she immediately recalls her wandering thoughts, and her mind should become lucid again, will it not then be dangerous to allow her to see the owner of the voice she has recognized, since it will be impossible to present to her the same face, figure and features, that this young man had, when he was yet a beardless boy and dressed as a girl?"

"That is really the most difficult problem to solve," proudly replied the honest physician, adding, "I think after the sound of the voice recalls the girl's wandering thoughts, then, while her

mind is in its normal state, we can probably convince her that the Hallie Clay, whom she knew, was really a man in disguise, and if we can adroitly accomplish this, then, I think, it will only remain for us to bring her absent loved one into her presence, where I think the voice, unless it has greatly changed, will assure your daughter that the speaker is the one for whom she has so long been looking."

"I must confess that your plan sounds plausible, and I shall only be too glad to do all I can in assisting you to carry it out," replied the Colonel, his face flushed with excitement.

How the doctor would have replied will never be known, for the staid old men, who had confronted many dangerous surprises, which were ever and anon perpetrated in their respective commands during the war, were now startled by a rollicking voice of some one splashing water in the reservoir, which had been created by building a substantial dam across "Deer Creek" just above the bridge. Kate Deboe, then under the spell of monomania, believing herself a man, had quietly

stolen away from the house and had surreptitiously slipped into a discarded suit of the doctor's clothes and had gone to take a refreshing bath. The great pool being under the hill, beyond the sight of the attendants about the asylum, she was thus enabled to enjoy a plunge unobserved, and consequently unhindered by those whose duty it was to look after her during her insane moments. Just then, the girl seeing her father and doctor, both of whom she always recognized, eagerly came forth to greet her father, whom she was always glad to see, no matter what her mental state. Her father's arrival, however, did not serve to break the spell that was then upon her.

The moment was indeed propitious for the experiment upon which the eminent specialist was bent.

*CHAPTER XX.*

The "Express" rolled into the Hallettsville station amid the usual din of hotel runners, peanut venders and so on. In that motley crowd there stood a tall, slender, dark-eyed man. He was an elderly gentleman, clad in a well-fitting suit of black cloth. His dignified appearance rather shielded him from the annoyance that he might otherwise have had from hustlers about the station. From his dress and mien one would have readily singled him out as a professional man, either a lawyer or doctor. He eagerly surveyed the passengers, as one after another alighted from the cars, and was about to turn away in bitter disappointment, when a little man, with brown complexion, resembling that of an Indian, fell upon his neck saying, "Oh doctor, I am so glad to see you; but you don't recognize Hal do you?" "I did not recognize that bronzed face, but I would

know that voice, if I heard it in Africa," replied the old soldier, still holding his former comrade close to his bosom. The meeting was truly pathetic, for there stood two grown men, hugging each other and shedding tears of joy, entirely unmindful of the curious eyes upon them. This was an unusual scene and men looked on in amazement. It is safe to say, however, that there was not one too stout-hearted to drop a tear, in sympathy with the reunited friends. After a few brief moments, Dr. Neale recovered sufficiently to lead the way to his buggy, both he and Hal being too full of emotion to attempt further conversation. There were a few ex-Confederate soldiers in the crowd, who recognized the doctor's visitor as his former bugler, but no one was so rude as to interrupt the sanctity of the hour.

When well out of town the doctor forgot everything, save the contemplated experiment. An experiment upon which the specialist had staked his reputation. An experiment important not only from a scientific standpoint, but even more important because of the love he had for the persons

concerned. By way of leading Hal out, his companion said, "Hal, I suppose you forgot all about that Yankee girl, while you were out fighting Indians?" "To tell the truth, doctor, I—I—I can't say I did," replied the poor fellow. "Then you have never married," anxiously queried the doctor.

"No and never expect to," replied Hal dejectedly. "Why you don't mean to tell me you still love the Colonel's daughter?" "I don't love any one else," Hal replied evasively. By this time they were nearing the asylum. Hal had learned through the paper of the noble institution, which had been erected on the ground where he had so often played "hide and seek" with little negroes of Deer Run plantation. He was therefore not unprepared to see the great buildings that now covered the spot, formerly occupied by his father's residence.

There was now, however, nothing about the place to remind Hal of his last night in that grove. Even the "Quarters" to the westward had been torn away, to give place to one wing of the

asylum. Hal therefore entered the building in a very cheerful mood. Dr. Neale, in an effort to prevent his guest from being depressed by the surroundings, took him direct to his private apartments. A suite of rooms had been designed and set apart for the use of the Superintendent as his family residence. These rooms were on the ground floor of the east wing, which fronted on the Hallettsville road.

One entering this part of the house would never suspect that he was going into a lunatic asylum. One of these rooms had been given to Miss Deboe; in fact, she was treated as one of the family by the sanguine specialist, and why not, for Kate was harmless and perfectly rational most of the time—and only insane on one subject at most. The cautious doctor, however, had inaugurated one new custom, to be on the safe side, when the aristocratic patient was admitted, that is, each member of the family took his or her meals in their respective bed chambers. This custom now stood the doctor a good turn. The patient had been purposely assigned to a cham-

ber adjoining that occupied by the physician. On this occasion the girl's anxious father had been given the family library, which opened into his daughter's room, as well as into the doctor's room.

Dr. Neale had taken the transoms down and replaced them with mirrors, so that both Colonel Deboe and he could watch Kate from their respective rooms.



*CHAPTER XXI.*

When Hal Claybrooke sat down to dinner with his former commander, he little knew that the first and only girl he ever loved was at that moment mincing in a lonely room adjoining his own. In this case, the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," is quite apropos, for if Hal had known of the trap set for him, he would doubtless have revolted in sheer dismay. As it was, he was oblivious to all, save the fact that he was happy once more with his old Colonel all to himself. Then, too, the spread was somewhat more inviting than the cowboy had been accustomed to on the plains of Texas. The doctor had wisely ordered dinner in courses, so as to prolong the meal as long as possible.

During the drive home Dr. Neale became thoroughly convinced from Hal's remarks that the poor fellow was still madly in love with Kate Deboe, notwithstanding her mental aberration.

After a glass or two of exhilarating claret, Hal was in a mellow frame of mind, that made it easy for his old comrade to lead up to Forrest's raid into Memphis. "By the way," said the old Colonel, "Did you stop at the Overton or at the Gayoso when you were at Memphis as a spy?" "Why I dressed in female attire and stopped at the Gayoso." "What name did you assume?" "I called myself Hallie Clay," replied the cowboy. When the former spy spoke the words "Hallie Clay" the doctor saw Kate awake with a start from a semi-rational reverie. The doctor then refilling Hal's glass said, "That was a risky adventure, wasn't it?" Hal, enthused by the Colonel's delicate compliment—half joyfully, half regrettfully—exclaimed, "Yes, it was dangerous, but still I would give half my life to do it all over again." "Why?" said the doctor, now anxious for Hal to continue. "Because, if I was there again, I would make myself known to Kate, if it cost me my life, for I had rather be dead than live forever with the thought of having caused that dear sweet girl so much trouble." "What did you do to cause

her trouble?" eagerly inquired the specialist. "Why, I made her believe I was a girl and under the guise of such, I made her love me, in spite of my disguise." "You don't think she loved you as a woman loves a man, do you Hal?" "Yes, I know she did," replied the poor fellow, his voice choking with emotion. "How about yourself—did you fall in love with her?" "Yes, I just could not help loving her, and I vowed to myself that I would hunt her up after the war and tell her all." "Why did you not do it then?" asked the doctor indignantly. "Why," said Hal, emphatically, "I did go to Memphis immediately after the surrender to get her address, but was informed that the poor girl had lost her mind." "Then you gave up, did you?" "Yes, I went West hoping to forget her." "Have you heard from her since the surrender?" "Not a word," replied Hal, sorrowfully.

All during this conversation Dr. Neale had closely observed the expression upon his patient's face, and was pleased to note that the absent-minded expression, which first overshadowed the

poor girl's pretty, but sad face, had entirely disappeared. At the first mention of her name by the soldier cowboy, Katherine Deboe opened her big brown eyes and leaned forward, eagerly taking in every word uttered by that peculiar voice. The physician, noting the change in his patient's expression, which had suddenly become one of great expectation, became anxious for Hal to proceed.

"Hal, under what name did you go while in Memphis?" asked the doctor, endeavoring to lead him into relating the particulars. "I called myself Hallie Clay, and made everybody, including the Colonel and his daughter, believe that I was a young lady. In this way, I won the confidence of every one in the house, particularly that of Colonel Deboe and his daughter Katherine, of whom I was telling you. Let me tell you, Colonel, I shall never forget how she and I sat upon the balcony with our arms lovingly about each other's waists—we both fairly reveled in the love of that happy hour. Nor will I ever forget our being lost together on President's Island—and how we fell asleep in each other's arms, while enjoying

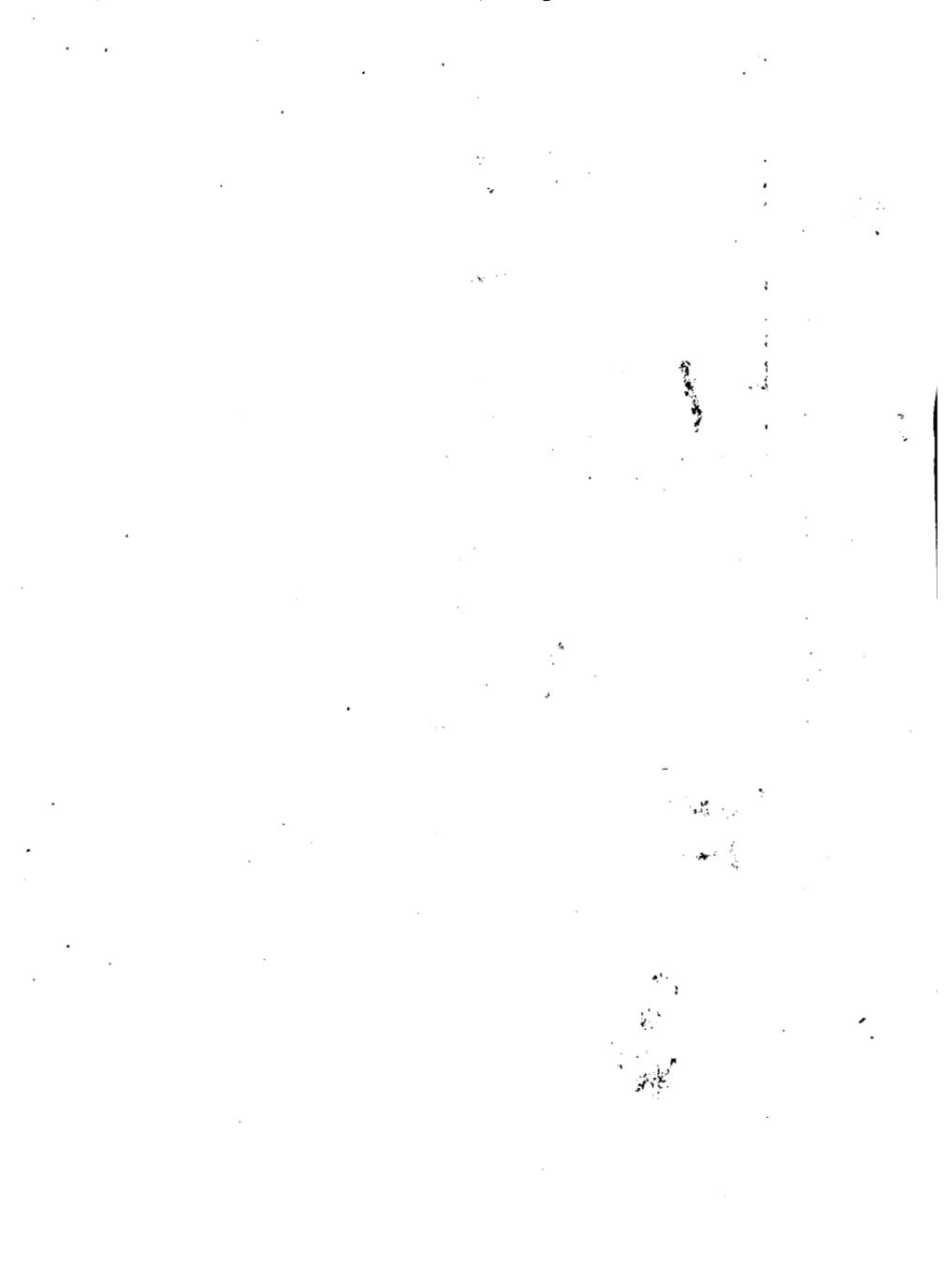
a tete-a-tete in a beautiful bower in that wild forest. There our happiness knew no bounds. There, I think the power of our mutual infatuation reached its climax. If I should live a thousand years, I know I should never forget how that sweet, unsuspecting girl, with child-like dependence, threw herself upon my protection, after we discovered that her father had gone for help. I then and there resolved in my own heart that I would some day reveal myself to her and convince her that I was not only a man, but a gentleman. But alas! I was doomed to disappointment, for just as I was about to start to Cincinnati to see the dear one, I was informed that the poor girl was hopelessly insane. This, Colonel, is why I left Memphis for Texas, without letting you know I was going." By this time Dr. Neale could see by means of the mirror-transoms, that Kate had gone to the key-hole of the door that separated the rooms, wistfully trying to catch every word of the conversation. Indeed, her face was now flushed with excitement, her every expression indicating to the doctor's experienced eye,

that she was now fully recovered from the sad dementia.

Dr. Neale being satisfied as to his patient's mental faculties and believing the critical moment had come, said, "Hal, do you really love Kate Deboe yet?" "Yes, Colonel, I love her with all my heart, just as I did when I stole away, leaving her calmly reposing at the College, on the night of Forrest's raid into Memphis." "Hal, do you suppose she had learned that Hallie Clay was a man before she lost her mind?" "No," said Hal. "That is just the trouble. You see Kate loved Hallie Clay, believing that person to be a real girl, and before I left she was wishing she was a boy. That idea evidently overthrew her mental balance, and there's where I censure myself." "But," interrupted the doctor, "now suppose you were to find her well, and in her right mind, just as she was when you last saw her, then what would you do?" "I would fall on my knees, and plead with her to forget my 'dual role' and marry me, in spite of it all," ejaculated the soldier cowboy, completely lost in glorious expectations.

*"My dear children, through the providence of God I have brought you together."*





Perceiving the eagerness of the two lovers, Dr. Neale replied, "Let us see, Hal, here is Kate now," gently pulling the doors apart, as he spoke, thus bringing the faithful lovers face to face.

The young lovers stood for one brief moment gazing at each other in astonishment. The doctor and Colonel Deboe, with bated breath, anxiously awaited the outcome. They did not have to wait long, however, for as if from a single impulse, the lovers fairly flew to each other's arms. Hal almost choking with emotion, said, "I am so glad to have found you, for I have loved you all these years." Kate, all flushed with excitement, gently laid her burning cheeks against Hal's flushed face, saying, "Oh Hal, I am so glad to find that you are a man, for I have been dying to be a man myself, but I am glad I am not, since I have found you to be one." "Are you satisfied, Kate, that I am really the person you learned to love as Hallie Clay?" "Yes I am," answered the girl, with emphasis. "Then are you willing to marry the man who deceived you?" "Yes I am, provided my dear old papa is willing," turning her beaming face toward the Colonel for his reply.

That gentleman, being fully satisfied with Dr. Neale's experiment, boldly went forward, extending a forgiving hand to young Claybrooke, saying, "Yes, Claybrooke, I will give her to you, for I believe you to be worthy, though I at one time thought I could crush every bone in your body, for deceiving us so." "Oh, don't mention that, papa, for it was all my fault, for I just made Hallie room with me; yes, papa, and I loved him from the first, though I could not tell why."

Seeing his daughter deeply in earnest, and both ardently in love, the Colonel replied, happily, "Never mind whose fault it was, 'All's well, that ends well,' so let's begin life anew, and we will all be happy once more." "I am glad to hear you talk that way," interrupted Hal, adding, "I am already the happiest man in the world, and feel like we will always be happy together—won't we Kate?"

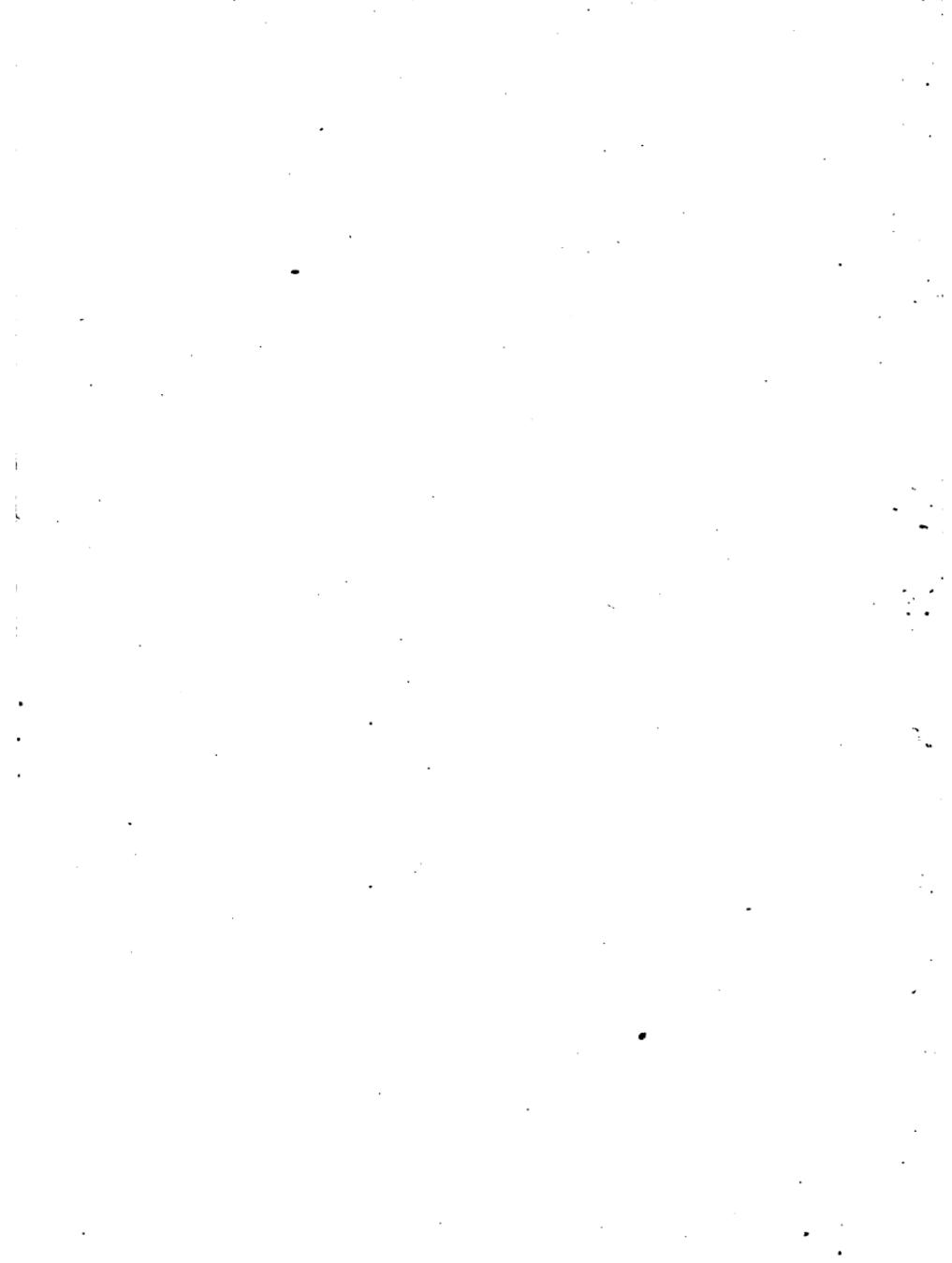
"Yes, we will," softly replied Kate, the modest maiden now becoming somewhat timid and bashful over the situation. Dr. Neale could remain silent no longer. Catching some of the fire from

the loving scene, the old fellow came forward and placing Kate's right hand in that of his former bugler, said:

"My dear children, through the Providence of God, I have brought you together. I hope you will never be separated again, and may God's blessings rest upon you."

THE END.









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